Vancouver's Lost Community

Carnegie Controversy

Bedaux's Strange Safari

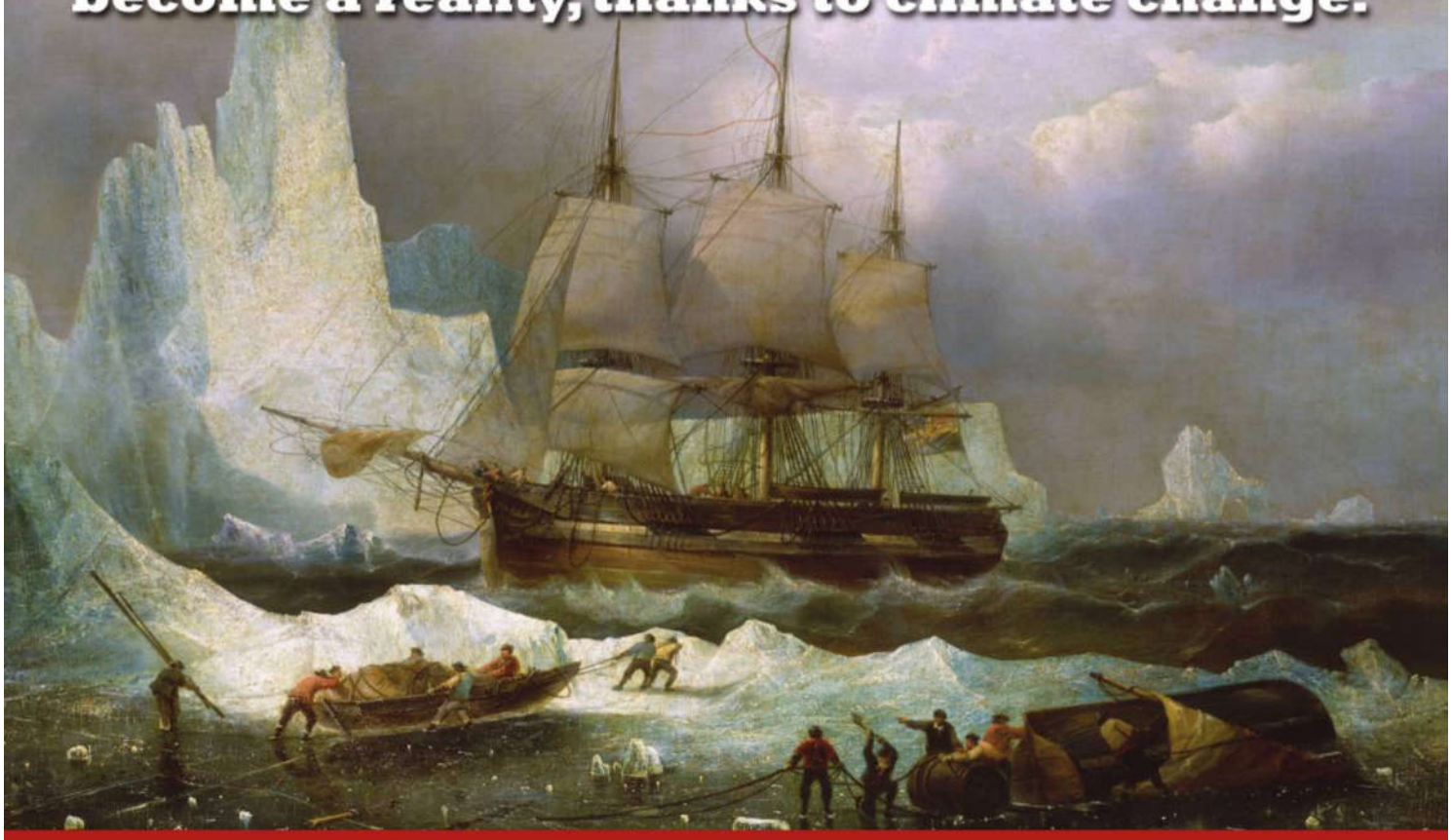
The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

April | May 2008

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

The elusive Arctic sea route is about to become a reality, thanks to climate change.



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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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Canada

Changing Times

Harold Innis, the Canadian economic historian, most certainly did not have climate change in mind when he wrote in 1935 that "the inaccessible Arctic has disappeared overnight."

And yet his words, in a different context, ring true today.

For centuries, explorers have braved this unforgiving, seemingly immutable expanse of snow and ice, searching for the fabled Northwest Passage. Many of those past expeditions ended badly, their crews lost forever amid the frozen desolation.

In the story "Tragic Passage," writer Ken McGoogan invites us to join him as he retraces the steps of the explorers and marvels at how global warming is changing this once-changeless region.

THOMAS FRILET

In this same issue, writer Beverly Cramp also brings us a tale of change — but on a smaller, more human scale.

Where once stood a lively black neighbourhood in Vancouver now squats a giant concrete overpass. Cramp's "Neighbourhood Lost" offers us a window into an all but forgotten aspect of Vancouver's past, and highlights how fragile communities can be when the forces of change — in this case, civic politicians, city planners, and public opinion — gather against them.

The theme of "change" runs strong in this issue, which is appropriate, because *The Beaver* has never shied away from change. From its earliest days as a small staff publication of the Hudson's Bay Company, to its present-day incarnation as "Canada's National History Magazine," *The Beaver* has always evolved with its readership.

I'm happy to report that the evolution is continuing, both in the magazine and on our website.

Go to thebeaver.ca and you'll now find podcast interviews and other sound files for your listening pleasure. You'll also find new opportunities to interact with the magazine. For instance, check out our new contests, such as the "Witness to History" photo competition and our new "*Beaver* Pop Quiz."

We're also offering new online content that enhances the stories found in *The Beaver*. We've opened up *The Beaver* Vault and now showcase selected stories from 88 years of past issues. We've enhanced our popular Album section by featuring additional Album photos online. We have also posted book reviews at thebeaver.ca, in an effort to serve you better.

Change is also afoot in the pages of *The Beaver*. Christopher Moore's latest column, on genealogy, segues wonderfully into the new genealogy section that will begin in our June/July issue.

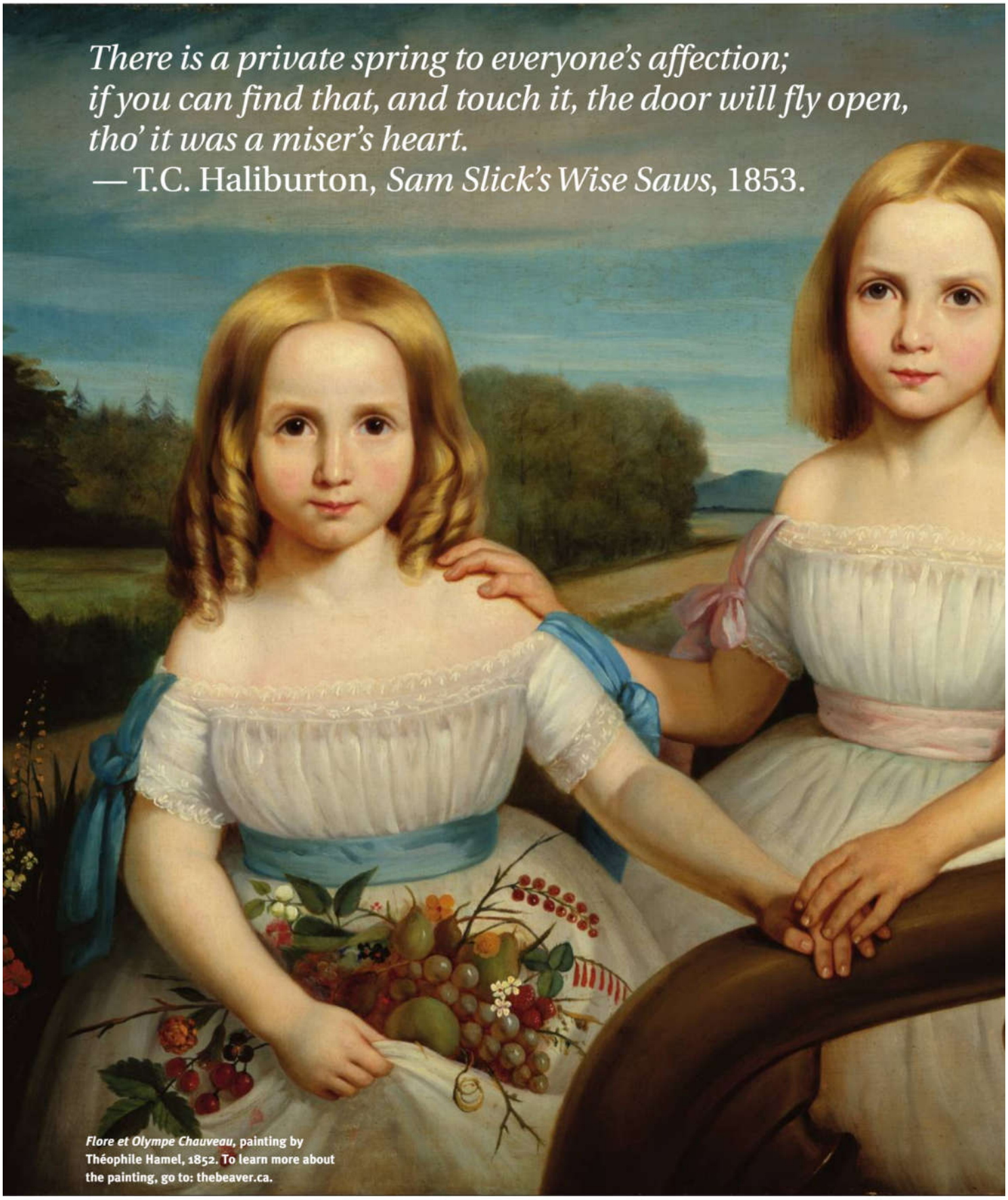
These are just some of the changes we have in store for *The Beaver*. Over the coming months, we will continue to try to make your reading — and web surfing — experience more informative and enjoyable.

He may not be Canadian, but Bob Dylan got it right nonetheless when he sang: "The times they are a-changin." And *The Beaver* will keep changing with them, while never forgetting its reason for being: sharing Canada's stories with Canadians.

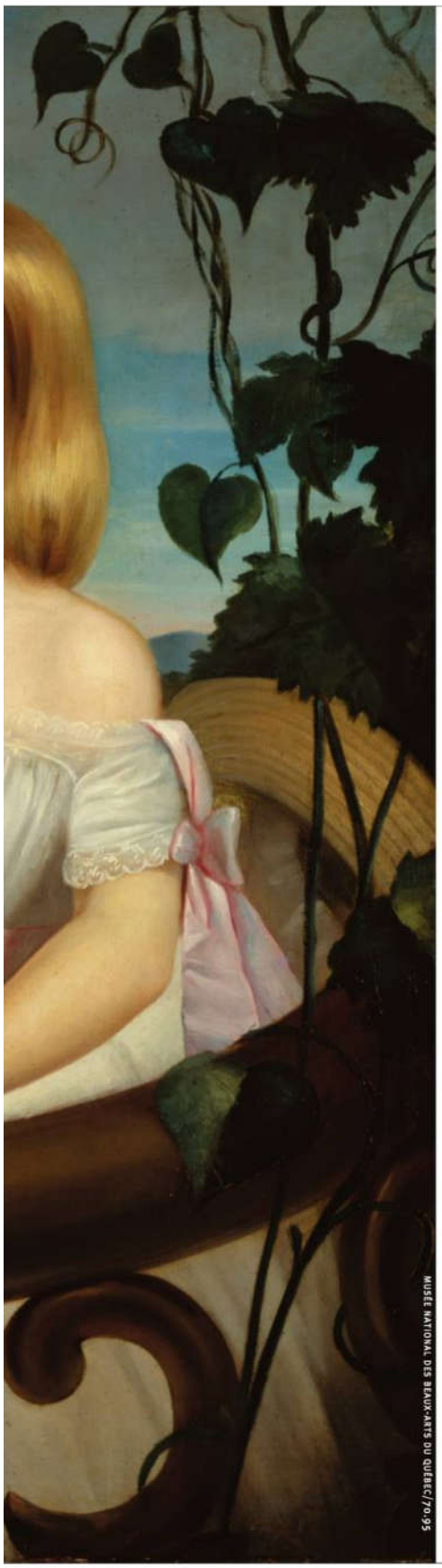
Mark Reid

Mark Reid
Editor
editors@historysociety.ca

COVER: NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH, LONDON


There is a private spring to everyone's affection;
if you can find that, and touch it, the door will fly open,
tho' it was a miser's heart.
— T.C. Haliburton, Sam Slick's Wise Saws, 1853.

***Flore et Olympe Chauveau*, painting by Théophile Hamel, 1852. To learn more about the painting, go to: thebeaver.ca.**


MUSÉE NATIONAL DES BEAUX-ARTS DU QUÉBEC/70.95

The Beaver

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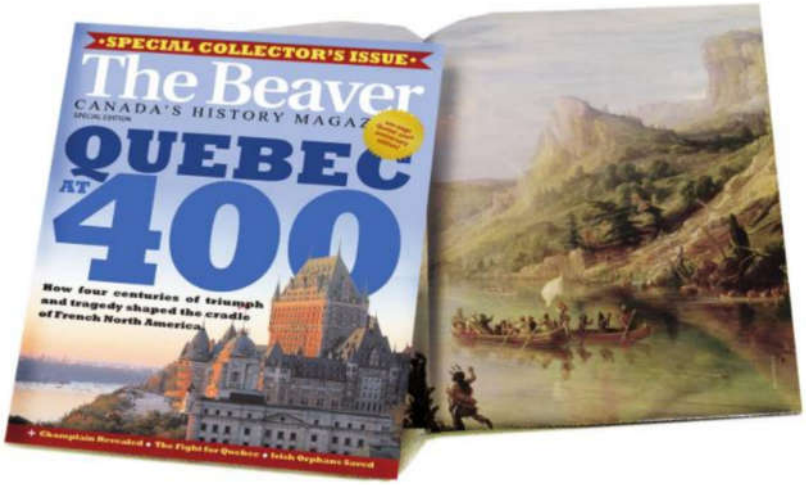

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S ISSUE
The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZ
QUEBEC AT 400
How four centuries of triumph and tragedy shaped the cradle of French North America

Special issue extra special

I have been a *Beaver* subscriber for a few years now, and have to say categorically that I absolutely love the magazine. History comes alive through the pages of *The Beaver* and I read it cover to cover. The latest issue of *The Beaver*, however, has outdone all previous issues. Reading about Samuel de Champlain and the early beginnings of Quebec City was pure delight for me. Canadian history was my favourite subject in school, so this is like reliving those days I enjoyed so much. Issues such as this one will go a long way to bringing Canadians to a larger understanding of the large impact Quebec had on the beginnings of Canada. Thank you so much for all the wonderful articles about Quebec that so warmed my heart. I particularly liked the article on the "Motto Mystery." During the Winnipeg flood of 1950, I was a young teenager and helped sandbag on the dikes. Assisting us were the youthful and handsome soldiers of the Royal 22nd Regiment, the famed Van Doos of Quebec. If memory serves me correctly (and it doesn't always) I remember a shoulder flash on their uniforms that said "*Je Me Souviens*." Of course I was very curious about that, and my high school French told me what it meant. But I was always of the opinion that "I will remember" meant that the memories of the early hardships suffered by the pioneers was what would be remembered. Anyway, please keep up the excellent work. I truly love *The Beaver* and will continue reading and loving it.

LORRAINE NEAL
VIA EMAIL

Fond memories of Quebec

The cover on the 'special edition' brought back memories of skating on the terrace during WWII, amongst other memories of walking the cobblestone streets of the most beautiful city in the world — and I've seen many of the world's greatest. I was born and lived in Quebec City and Beaupré until age seventeen, when we moved to Montreal. We attended old St. Patrick's Church on McMahon Street, now a burnt–out shell since the 1970 fire. My parents were married in St. Pat's and I was baptised there almost eighty years ago. I received my first communion in the new St. Pat's on Grande Allée, Cardinal Villeneuve presiding. Marianna O'Gallagher's moving article about the Irish famine children was still a living memory in my childhood.

RITA GRIFFIN-SHORT
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Lessons learned

Dear fellow readers of *The Beaver*…Stop! Please don't throw your old magazines in the recycling bin or garbage. Find out who is teaching Canadian history in your local school and ask those teachers if they would like them for their classes. I teach Canadian history to Grades 7 and 8 and I can't tell you the number of times these magazines, both old and new, have come in handy. Here are but a few recent examples of ways I have used the magazines in my classes in Toronto this fall. In Grade 8, we were exploring the causes of Confederation. However, the students found some of the reasons hard to fathom. After all, they could never imagine people in United States, called Fenians, actually crossing into British North America and attacking to end British rule in Ireland. Then, to my delight, I received the October/November 2007 issue of *The Beaver* magazine and what was on the cover, but a black-and-white photograph of sturdy Quebec citizens preparing to defend their territory against those same Fenians! We read some excerpts of that story by P.G. Smith in class and examined those published primary source photos closely. For the students, it brought this reason for Confederation much closer to home. In the same issue was the article "Sir John A.'s Lost Weekend," which we read just as the Grade 8 students moved on to the Pacific Scandal. Once again, I used the *The Beaver* to talk about leadership; what makes a good leader and our expectations of them. This time we contrasted the effects of the Pacific Scandal and Macdonald's reaction — his lost weekend — to current leaders and how they react to scandals. As you can see, dear readers, there is a further use for your old *Beaver* magazines. Reuse, recycle and spread the good news. History is alive and well in Canada.

SUSAN HAYNES
HAVERGAL COLLEGE
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Explosion account gripping

Your recent article dealing with the Halifax Explosion was most timely and I am sure will bring back memories to many people. I grew up in Halifax and left the city in 1957 for Montreal and later, Ottawa. My mother was a student at Mount St. Vincent University when the explosion took place. I remember her saying that she thought that it was the end of the world. The school, as the crow flies, was not too far from the epicentre of the main blast. Thanks for a most gripping account of the Halifax Explosion.

W.J. Curran,
Ottawa, Ontario

Halifax Explosion, part two

Kudos on a very thorough job on the story about the 1917 explosion in Halifax. Many more Canadians will now be aware of that event. But, who talks about the second Halifax Explosion? A potentially more deadly blast threatened in 1945 when the (then) largest ammunition dump in the British Empire — the Bedford naval magazine — caught fire. The whole of Halifax could have been blown off the face of the earth. After a series of terrifyingly predictable and escalating blasts, the second Halifax Explosion was averted when the blaze was contained by some heroic firefighters, with little loss of life. My wife, a very young girl at the time, remembers being particularly confused when "sailors ran through the North End telling us to get out — the magazine is going to explode!" The only 'magazine' she knew about was *The Ladies' Home Journal*. She couldn't for the life of her understand what would cause it to blow up!

Dan MacDonald
Toronto, Ontario

Thunderbird found

Some years ago, I turned over to the Naval Museum of Alberta a very large collection of photographs amassed while prospecting for my books on the ships of the Canadian Navy. Among them were several depicting the HMCS *Quesnel* and her thunderbird mascot. I was reminded of these when I read about Bev Lundahl's quest to discover the current location of the thunderbird totem ["Flight of the Thunderbird," December 2007-January 2008]. I accordingly contacted the museum and am pleased to say their redoubtable staffer, Don Connolly, was able to retrieve the photos. I would request that you forward them to Bev Lundahl, with my good wishes.

Ken Macpherson
Port Hope, Ontario

[*Editor's note: To see photos of the thunderbird totem, go to: thebeaver.ca.*]

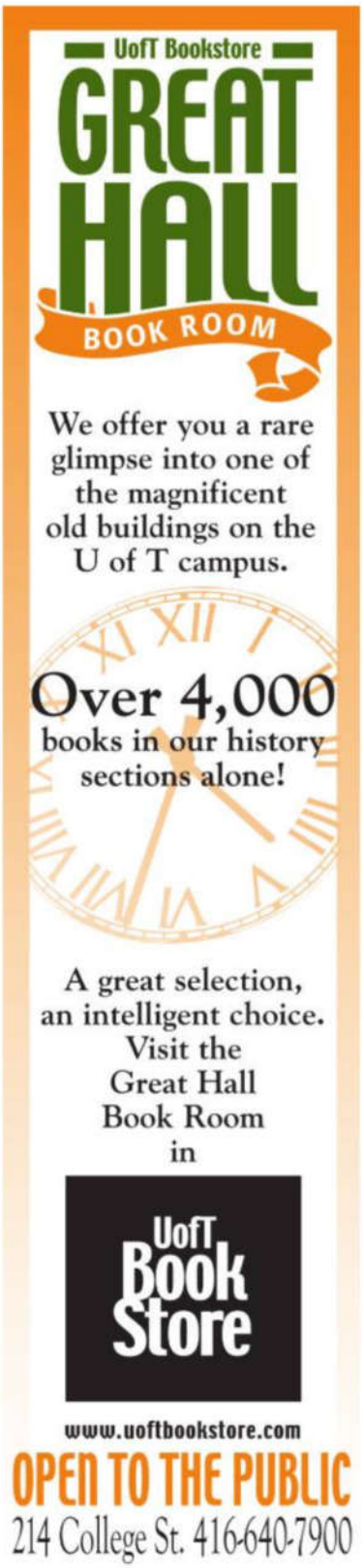
ERRATA

An over-zealous Prairie editor inadvertently inserted an error in the story on the Halifax Explosion ["On the Frontlines of Disaster," December 2007/January 2008]. Contrary to what we wrote, the Narrows is nowhere near the entrance to Halifax Harbour. The Beaver*'s landlocked editorial staff apologizes.*

•

Also, in the February/March 2008 issue, a sidebar in the story "Children of the Famine" suggests the stone in the Celtic Cross on Grosse Île came from Ireland. It actually came from Beebe, Quebec. The cross memorializes the Irish immigrants who died, as well as the Canadian clergy who tended to the sick and the dying.

The Beaver **welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B oT6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.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Currents

PHILIPPE SOUCHARD

CHAMPLAIN WRIT LARGE

Three cities on France's Atlantic coast are presenting a huge gift to the people of Canada for the 400th birthday of Quebec City. An enormous book handcrafted by contemporary artists and based on the logbooks of Samuel de Champlain is being donated by La Rochelle, Royan, and Rochefort. Weighing five hundred kilograms and standing more than two metres tall, *Le Grand Livre de Champlain* brings together maps, notes, and etchings by the famed explorer. After being presented to Governor General Michaëlle Jean May 8 in La Rochelle, *Le Grand Livre* will be on display at the Cap-aux-Diamants Redoubt at the Citadel of Quebec from May 27 to October 13, where visitors will be able to turn its pages.

Struggles Remembered

Following a brief but successful appearance during last fall's Abilities Arts Festival, the first ever exhibition of Canadian activist disability history has been picked up by the Royal Ontario Museum. *Out From Under: Disability, History and Things to Remember* chronicles the struggles of disabled people in Canada, such as Allan Simpson, who founded several disability organizations, including The Canadian Association of Independent Living Centres. Organized by Ryerson University's School of Disability Studies, it will be on display at the ROM from April 19 to July 13.

Allan Simpson

FRASER VALENTINE

Carol James

NELLE OOSTEROM

HEALING FINGERS

As people come and go in the busy atrium of Winnipeg's St. Boniface Hospital, former nurse Carol James sits by the window and calmly undertakes an unusual healing art: traditional finger weaving. James deftly assembles replicas of historic sashes — woven cloth belts worn by voyageurs, Metis buffalo hunters, and other early Canadians.

The purpose of the project, which began in November 2007 and runs until June, is twofold: to make copies of historic sashes that can be viewed at the Manitoba Museum — the actual sashes are too fragile to be put on public display — and to provide an oasis of calm and reflection in the midst of a frenetic hospital setting. "I have people who tell me, 'I've been watching you work for days and it makes me feel so calm,'" says James, whose project is sponsored by Manitoba Artists in Healthcare.

The replicas take up to a month to make and include one based on a sash worn by Jean-Baptiste Lagimodière, a pioneer prairie settler and the grandfather of Louis Riel.

TAKE THE DAY OFF

April 19

To mark the day in 1916 that Alberta women gained the right to vote. Stand up and be counted.

Currents

Our home & native ...

The Avro Jetliner C-102

Dubbed the world's first regional passenger jet aircraft, the Avro Jetliner was designed and built in Malton, Ontario. A prototype of the low-wing, all-metal monoplane with a pressurized cabin and tricycle landing gear first flew on August 10, 1949.

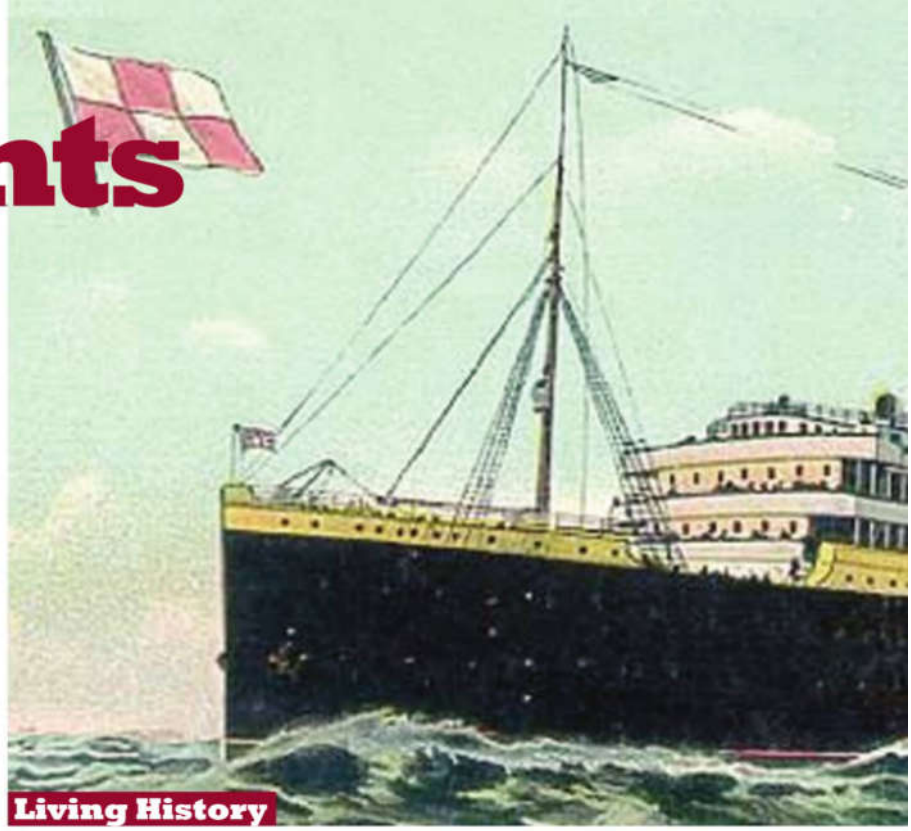
The XC-102 prototype, with its two Rolls Royce Derwent V jet engines, reached speeds of eight hundred kilometres per hour, flying higher and faster than any previous transport plane in North America. Its long list of accomplishments included carrying the first jet airmail ever delivered in the world.

By 1952, orders for the speedy craft were received from National Airlines, Trans World

CANADA AVIATION MUSEUM, OTTAWA

Airlines, and the United States Air Force. Howard Hughes wanted to manufacture it under licence at Convair. But the Canadian government ordered Avro to stop work on the Jetliner and instead concentrate on production of the CF-100 Canuck military interceptor.

The Jetliner ended its days much like its famous successor, the Avro Arrow CF-105. The first plane and a partially built second prototype were cut up for scrap — reportedly made into frying pans — on December 13, 1956. Only the nose and cockpit sections survive in the Canada Aviation Museum's Ottawa collection. **— Beverley Tallon**



Living History

Saving the Empress's treasures

On a January night in 2003, Marion Kelch was watching the news when a story grabbed her attention. A collector of artifacts from the *Empress of Ireland* — which went down in 1914 in one of Canada's worst peacetime marine disasters — was poised to sell his collection to an American unless he could find a Canadian buyer.

Infuriated that these treasures were in danger of leaving the country, Kelch vowed to save them. She formed the *Empress of Ireland* Artifacts Committee with the aim of keeping the relics in Canada and telling the story of the ocean liner.

Kelch has been fascinated with the ship's story since reading a book about the disaster in 1975, and in 1993 she wrote a play about the tragedy for the community theatre in her hometown of Czar, Alberta.

In the early hours of May 29, 1914, following a series of misread signals, the Canadian Pacific Railway passenger ship *Empress of Ireland* and the Norwegian vessel *Storstad* collided in a fog-shrouded St. Lawrence River. The *Empress* sank in just fourteen minutes off the coast of Rimouski, Quebec. Of 1,477 passengers and crew, only 465 survived.

The CPR built the *Empress of Ireland* and *Empress of Britain* to bring immigrants from the United Kingdom to Canada. Approximately 117,000 people came over on the *Empress of Ireland* between 1906 and 1914, and hundreds of thousands of Canadians are descended from these immigrants.

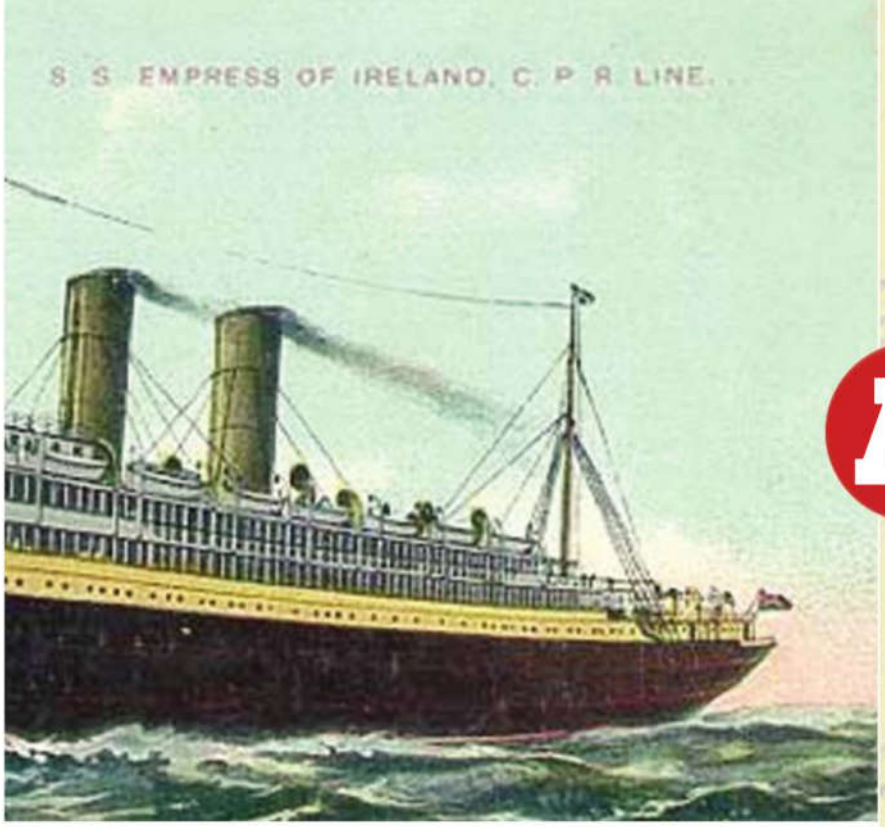
Beginning in the 1960s, divers scoured the remains of the *Empress* for artifacts, many of which ended up in private collections outside of Canada. Finally, in 1999, the Quebec government declared the wreck a protected site, prohibiting the removal of additional

April 21

To commemorate the establishment in 1785 of trial by jury in Canada. Take time to deliberate.

April 23

To celebrate the day Canada's first postage stamp, the Three Penny Beaver, was issued in 1851. Put it on paper.



artifacts. Philippe Beaudry of Longueuil, Quebec, was among those who explored the wreck, and he eventually decided to sell over four hundred items in his collection. Beaudry sought a Canadian collector or museum, but after no one came forward Heritage Canada granted a permit to export his collection.

That's when Kelch and her committee began raising money to keep the artifacts from going abroad. The committee buys pieces from Beaudry as it raises money, and has so far obtained over fifty items. But until recently it had nowhere to display them. Last fall, Edmonton's Royal Alberta Museum eagerly accepted the artifacts. Curator Cathy Roy says they make a valuable addition to the museum's Western Canadian History section because the ship was responsible for bringing many immigrants to Western Canada.

Despite the progress, Kelch is frustrated that Canada allows citizens to sell historical relics to non-Canadian collectors. "We export our artifacts like we export our oil and wheat," she complains.

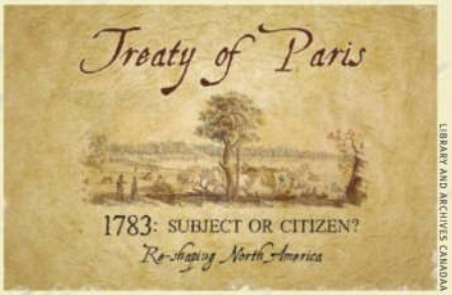
An exhibition at the RAM — opening on May 29, the anniversary of the disaster, and continuing until October 5 — will include items such as the ship's starboard running light, a bottle of Riesling encrusted in barnacles, and a well-preserved lime that was found on the shore the morning after the disaster. **— Kristen Fry**

Marconi phone from the *Empress of Ireland*.

COURTESY ROYAL ALBERTA MUSEUM

Cross-border accord

A unique exhibition this summer will allow Canadians to see the Treaty of Paris on home soil for the first time. Considered among the most important of American historic documents, the treaty that ended the Revolutionary War with Great Britain is held under tight security and rarely displayed. But thanks to the first ever curatorial collaboration between Library and Archives



LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Canada and the U.S. National Archives and Records Administration, it will be on display in Ottawa from May 6 to August 5 as part of the 250th-anniversary exhibition *1783: Subject or Citizen?* Featuring over sixty documents and objects from the collections of the two organizations, the display will move to Washington in October.

May 22

To observe the day in 1902 that an explosion near Fernie, B.C., killed 128 miners. Say a prayer.

May 24

To note the day in 1893 that the Newfoundland legislature passed an act forbidding the killing of seals on Sundays. Go fishing.

Currents

Get in step with your city

The late urban activist and writer Jane Jacobs has inspired a series of neighbourhood walking tours that will take place in cities across Canada May 3 and 4. The first "Jane's Walk" was held last May in Toronto, with twenty-seven guides leading about 1,500 people on explorations of the neighbourhoods where they live, work, and socialize. Following walks in New York last September, planning is underway for walking tours this May in Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, and Ottawa — as well as in Toronto.

All walks are free and are led by locals who share their unique insights and knowledge of an area's history. The idea is to raise urban literacy, instill a sense of belonging and civic engagement, and permit citizens to meet the people with whom they share their part of the city. Participants are encouraged to share their own observations.

Jane Jacobs

SARAH GLEDHILL/IDEAS THAT MATTER

Jane's Walk is coordinated by the Toronto-based Centre for City Ecology, which is influenced by Jacobs' writings and was established in 2007 to cultivate the understanding of cities. The centre will assist anyone who is interested with planning and promoting a Jane's Walk in their own city. See www.janeswalk.net.

Christine Kirouac's *Sentry* at Toronto's Bathurst Quay.

TONI HARKENSHED

Creative Class

Bridging the waters

Until Ireland Park opened in June 2007, the condominiums and walking paths along Lake Ontario bore few traces of the more than 38,000 Irish famine survivors who arrived at Toronto's waterfront between May and October of 1847. For the most part they were welcomed to the city, which had been preparing for the influx, yet authorities were forced to scramble to accommodate the many sick and destitute immigrants.

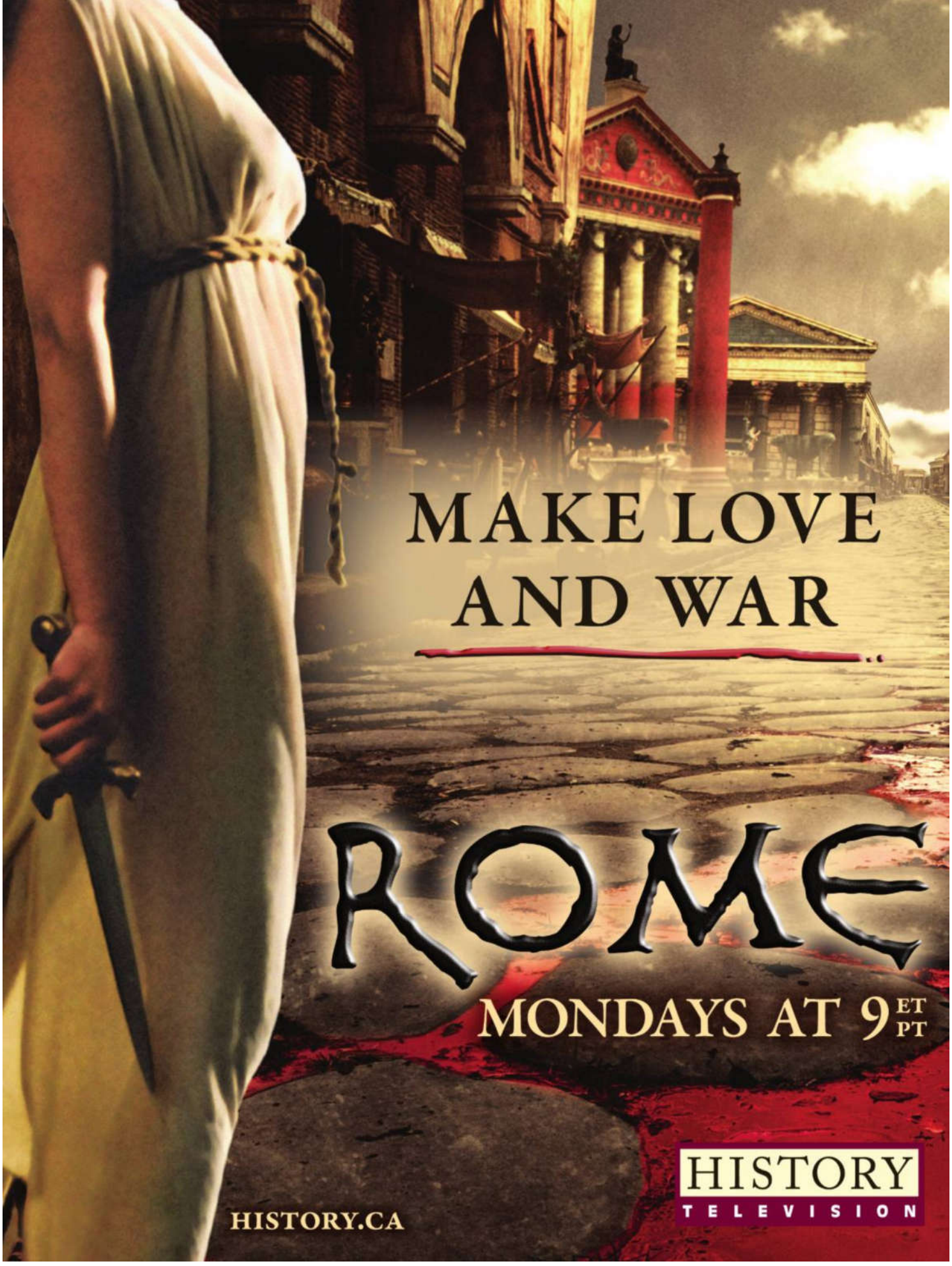
The new park at the southeast corner of Bathurst Quay is just west of where the newcomers landed and not far south from where the "fever sheds" were located. It features a set of sculptures by Ireland's Rowan Gillespie, entitled *The Arrival*, that matches the *Departure* series he created earlier for Dublin. For Gillespie, however, the site's dominant feature is the Canada Malting Company grain elevators that he sees as symbolizing "the abundance of food in Canada."

The now-condemned silos struck another artist, Winnipeg's Christine Kirouac, in an entirely different manner. To Kirouac, the cavernous facility with its long-hollow interior is a monolithic reminder of famine and hunger, and she envisioned a beacon-like work that would connect the weathered architecture with the history and legacy of famine survivors.

For three evenings in May 2007, Kirouac projected her five-minute video *Sentry* in a continuous loop across the water to the silos. The work contrasts images of the perilous sea with the promise of new harvests and silhouettes of famine ship descendants currently living in Toronto. It also offered passersby a rare glimpse of the silos' spectacular but hazardous insides (to obtain these images, Kirouac and a videographer donned protective suits, respirators, and hard hats, and were accompanied by city workers).

Most of the 1847 arrivals soon made their way beyond Toronto in search of work or relatives who had come before them. Besides the few who stayed, more than a thousand died in the city due to illnesses carried from home or contracted on the journey. If Gillespie's sculptures recall the hopes and struggles of newcomers and their relief at having arrived in Canada, Kirouac's work links their journeys with their futures in Canada while connecting the new park with the historic silos. See irelandparkfoundation.com.

— Phil Koch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Explorations

Irene Gammel on
Looking for Anne

One hundred years ago, Lucy Maud Montgomery blended fact and fiction to invent the world's most beloved little orphan girl.

During the holiday season of 1934, Hollywood's new *Anne of Green Gables* lit up the screen of the Uptown Theatre on Toronto's Yonge Street. The story of the imaginative orphan girl from Nova Scotia, who finds a home with an elderly sister and brother, Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert, at Prince Edward Island's Green Gables, was making a splash nearly three decades after the novel was written. In the words of the *Toronto Globe*, starry-eyed and freckle-faced Anne Shirley was "the most famous 'carrot-top' in modern fiction."

Lucy Maud Montgomery attended the screening on November 29, 1934, and that same evening inserted in her journal a large magazine clipping of a young girl with big rapt eyes and a melancholy, nostalgic expression. She noted that this "real girl somewhere in the U.S." had inspired Anne's face. "I wonder," Montgomery mused in her journal, "if she ever read of Anne, never dreaming that, physically, she was the original!"

The almost sixty-year-old writer and dutiful minister's wife was preoccupied with her legacy, but seemed unaware that the subject of the photograph was Evelyn Nesbit, who was, at the time of the photograph, a sixteen-year-old model and Gibson Girl in New York. Montgomery seemed to have forgotten that she had clipped the photo from *The Metropolitan Magazine* of New York. She was equally unaware that it had been commissioned for the benefit of an aging American millionaire, Stanford White, the famous New York architect, whose violent death in 1906 at the hands of Nesbit's deranged husband would forever obscure the model's artistry with scandal. Who could have imagined that the face of the exuberant Anne had been conceived in Lower Manhattan through the artistic collaboration of a willing model and an accomplished portrait photographer, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.?

COURTESY OF IRENE GAMMEL

Evelyn Nesbit, the teenaged model whose image was an inspiration for *Anne of Green Gables*.

The story of Anne's face is only one of the many surprises surrounding the mysterious origin of *Anne*, surprises that also help unravel the life of its enigmatic author. In the story Montgomery told and retold after she became famous, Anne "flashed into [her] fancy," fully dressed and braided. The fictional Anne Shirley was ostensibly inspired by a notebook entry concerning Montgomery's adopted cousin, Ellen Macneill, a Nova Scotia orphan girl whose adoptive parents, like Anne's in the novel, had meant to adopt a boy. Yet new evidence reveals that Montgomery also had a way of blending truth and fiction, past and present, consistently obscuring the "bald facts," as the fictional Marilla calls them, which may explain why it has taken more than a century to unravel how the world's most famous redhead came into being.

Anne was the result of a slow evolution, in which many surprising influences blended in the crucible of Montgomery's imagination. Lonely and orphaned after the death of her mother when she was a toddler, and raised by stern Presbyterian grandparents in remote Cavendish, on the turbulent north shore of P.E.I., Montgomery took refuge in dreaming, reading, and writing. To write a book that would make her famous was the dream of her childhood. She found inspiration in the glossy magazines that arrived in the homestead post office run by her grandparents, quietly quarrying material, including fashion plates, beauty icons, jokes, poetry, and stories.

In 1892, the year her orphaned cousin, Ellen, first arrived in Cavendish, seventeen-year-old Montgomery discovered "Charity Ann," by Canadian poet Mary Ann Maitland, in the Philadelphia fashion magazine *Godey's Lady's Book*, to which Grandmother Macneill had subscribed. Charity Ann was an early prototype of the big-eyed, skinny orphan girl desperate to find a home with an aging couple. And in 1903, the year Evelyn Nesbit's photo arrived at the homestead, then twenty-eight-year-old Montgomery discovered J. L. Harbour's "Lucy Ann," the story of a talkative, freckled, and red-

haired orphan, who provided the motif of an orphan awakening the mother love of a crusty spinster. This story appeared in the Sunday magazine *Zion's Herald* alongside one of Montgomery's stories, so she would most certainly have read it. But she never acknowledged the influence of these formula "Ann" stories for the beginning of "Anne with an e."

COURTESY OF IRENE GAMMEL

Cover image of 1964 edition of *Anne of Green Gables*.

In 1905, after years of writing routine formula stories, the fire of her imagination was ignited, fuelled by the lifelong dream of restoring her lost family and her longing for youth. In the emotional storm following one of the fiercest winters in Island history, all the different pieces, including Evelyn's picture, Lucy Ann, Charity Ann, and Ellen Macneill, suddenly blended with a lifetime of influences, such as the popular Pansy books by American author Isabella Macdonald Alden and *The Ugly Duckling* by Hans Christian Anderson, to create the inspired *Anne*. At age thirty, the mistress of formulaic fiction brilliantly distilled and transcended ephemeral formula into timeless literature.

Like the character of Anne, the Avonlea landscape — including Green Gables, Lover's Lane, and the Haunted Woods — is a blend of personal and borrowed, literary and popular, and local and global influences. The fortuitous P.E.I. setting was likely inspired by the timely request for Canadian stories from the Presbyterian Sunday School Board in Toronto. The novel's Canadian references, such as Marilla's desire to adopt a "born Canadian," the cameo of Canada's first prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, and the awakening of the "reluctant Canadian spring," are subtle but distinct national markers, and the author was rightly designated a person of national historic significance in 1942.

Set in Canada's smallest province, but influenced by the wider world, *Anne* has become Canada's most famous international novel. According to the 2005 Online Computer Library Center, *Anne* is the number one Canadian book held in international libraries. The enduring classic has influenced important female writers, including Margaret Atwood, Alice Munro, Kate Lawson, Helen Keller, and Astrid Lindgren. The 1952 Japanese translation, *Akage no An*, created a cult following in Japan, which has resulted in six thousand pilgrims travelling to P.E.I.'s Green Gables House heritage site ever year.

The international legacy of this Canadian classic is remarkable, with Anne's longevity firmly rooted in the complex and dynamic nature of her origin. Composed of the fragments of a lifetime, charismatic Anne is a magnetic and modern character with the ability to recruit fans across nations and cultures, inspiring movies, musicals, and animation. "There's such a lot of different Annes in me," Anne tells her "bosom friend" Diana. "If I was just the one Anne it would be ever so much more comfortable, but then it wouldn't be half so interesting." It was a sentiment Montgomery had also expressed in a letter to Ephraim Weber, a writer with whom she had a long correspondence, in March 1905.

Within Anne's character, Montgomery ultimately echoed her own contradictions, while capturing the mood of a modern era that found inspiration in speed and technology, yet sought peace and comfort in nostalgic and timeless dreams. As Montgomery herself once wrote, "You realize that youth is not a vanished thing but something that dwells forever in the heart."

Irene Gammel is the author and editor of eight books including *Looking for Anne: How Lucy Maud Montgomery Dreamed Up a Literary Classic* (Key Porter and St. Martin's Press, 2008). Gammel holds a Canada Research Chair in Modern Literature and Culture at Ryerson University and is curator of the exhibit *Looking for Anne: The Inspirations for Lucy Maud Montgomery's Literary Classic*, to be held at venues across Canada between May 2008 and March 2009.

Coming in *The Beaver* June • July

An Eighteenth-Century D-Day
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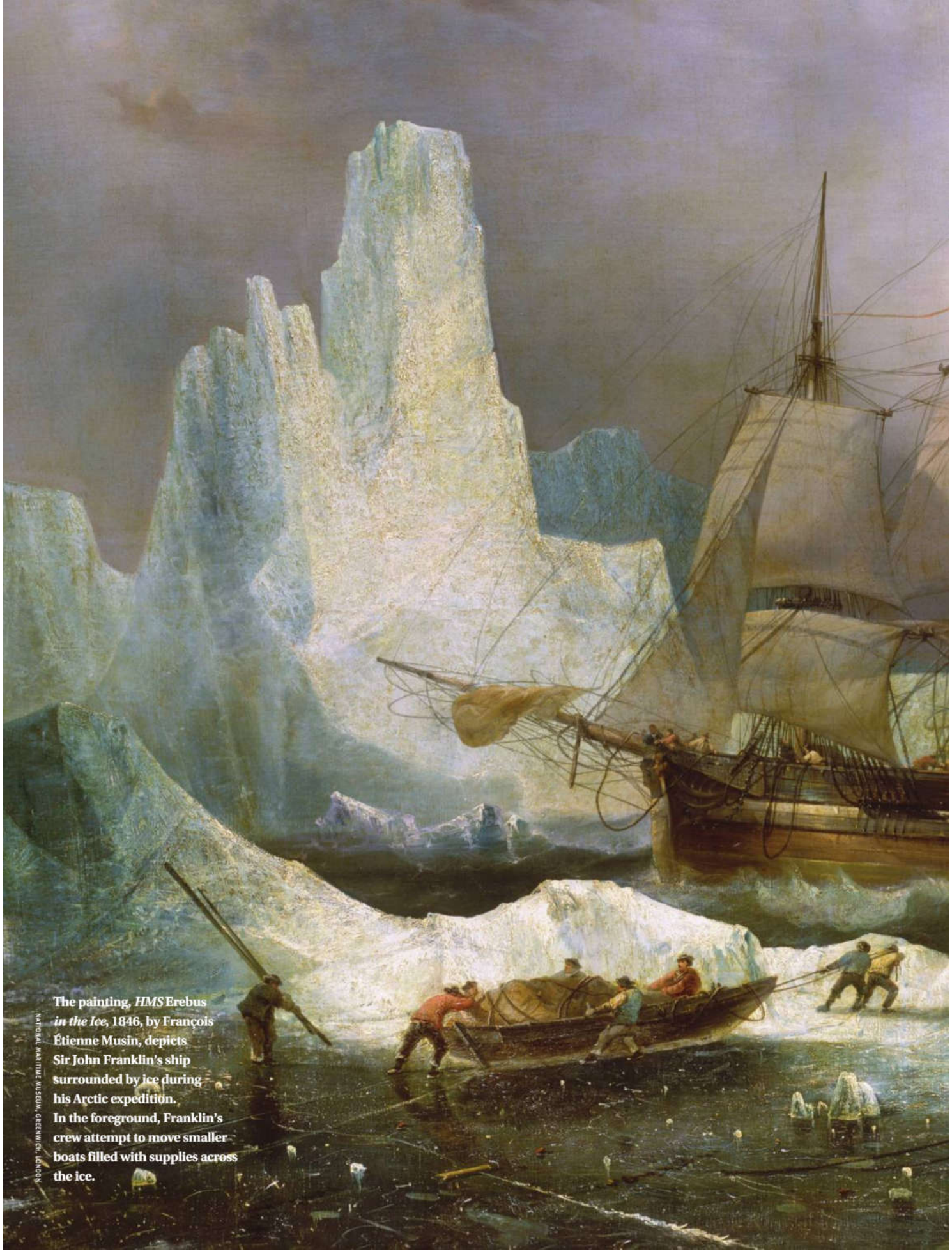
BY A.J.B. JOHNSTON

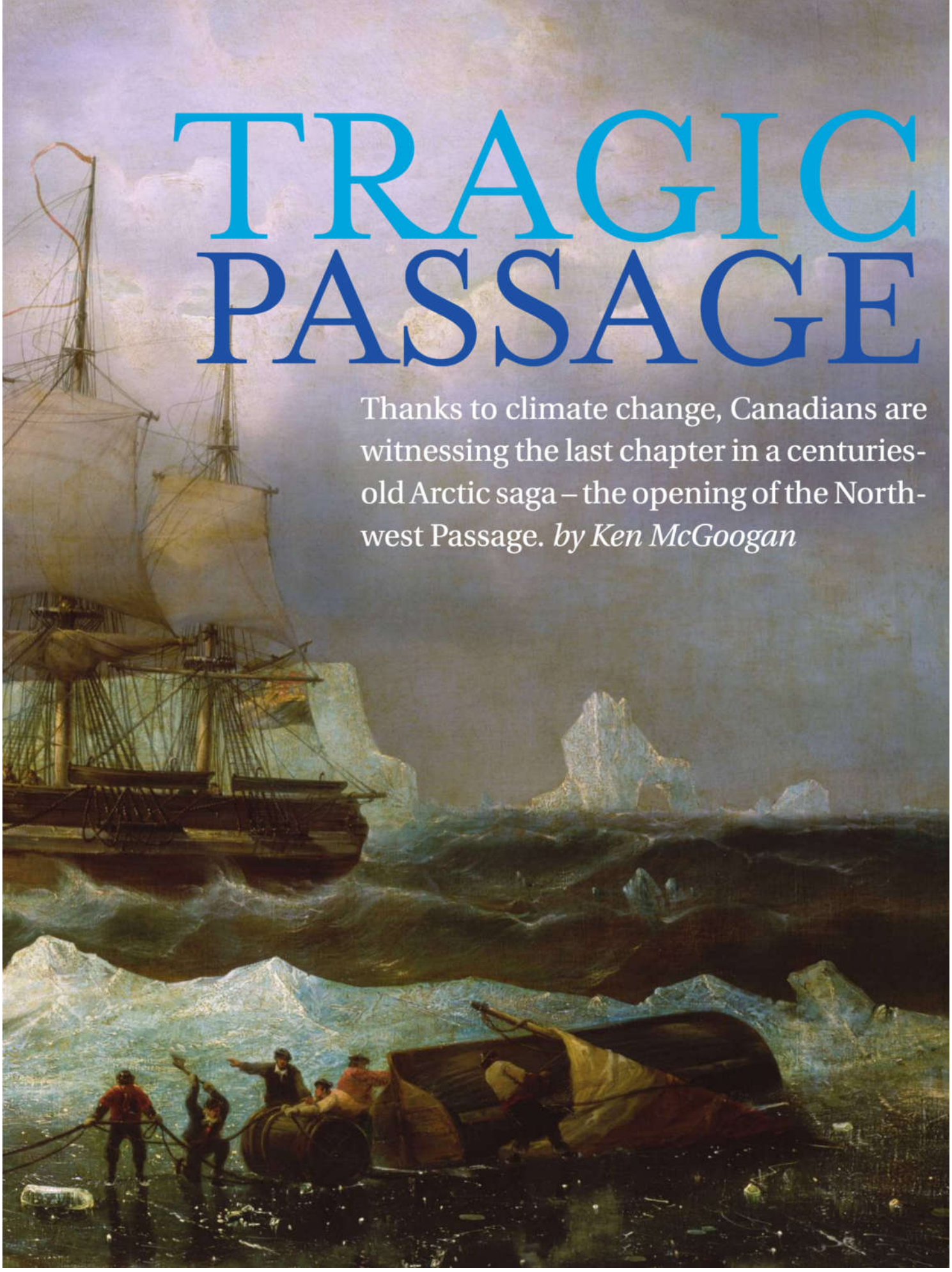
Ontario Crude
The modern oil industry got its start not in Texas or Saudi Arabia or even Alberta, but in the swampy backwoods of southwestern Ontario.
BY GARY MAY

Rolling with Ragtime
At the dawn of the twentieth century, Canada's burgeoning cities began rocking to the radical new music of the street.
BY RAY ARGYLE AND PETER STEVEN



The painting, *HMS* Erebus *in the Ice*, 1846, by François Étienne Musin, depicts Sir John Franklin's ship surrounded by ice during his Arctic expedition. In the foreground, Franklin's crew attempt to move smaller boats filled with supplies across the ice.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH, LONDON



TRAGIC PASSAGE

Thanks to climate change, Canadians are witnessing the last chapter in a centuries-old Arctic saga – the opening of the North-west Passage. *by Ken McGoogan*

One afternoon in August 1850, as Arctic explorer Elisha Kent Kane stood talking with several other naval officers on the icy, snow-covered shores of Beechey Island in Barrow Strait, a sailor came stumbling over a nearby ridge. "Graves!" he hollered. "Graves! Franklin's winter quarters!"

Searchers for the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin had finally found what has since become the most famous historic site in the Arctic — the graves of the first three sailors to die during Franklin's final voyage.

VANCOUVER MARITIME MUSEUM

Sir John Franklin hoped to find a Northwest Passage to Asia, but instead met his death near King William Island, Nunavut in 1847. Engraving by D. J. Pound, 1870.

At this desolate spot in 1846, while still hoping to discover a Northwest Passage, Franklin had conducted three sonorous funeral services. Four years later, Kane — a surgeon in the American navy and member of two separate missions to find and rescue Franklin — led his colleagues in scrambling over the ice to the makeshift cemetery. "Here, amid the sterile uniformity of snow and slate," he wrote later, "were the headboards of three graves, made after the old orthodox fashion of gravestones at home."

Flash forward 157 years. Late in August 2007, during an expeditionary cruise organized by Adventure Canada, I visited Beechey Island. With a dozen other people, I stood gazing at the graves of those doomed Franklin expedition crewmen. Nearby, a Scottish bagpiper played *Amazing Grace* amid a light snowfall. As I stood looking at the wooden headboards — worn facsimiles of the original grave markers — what astonished me was not the site itself, but the surrounding absence of ice.

We had arrived here, high above the Arctic Circle, two weeks later in the season than Elisha Kane did — and yet, where he encountered nothing but ice, both in Lancaster Sound and onshore, we found open water and naked rock. This was stunning confirmation of the widely reported impact global warming is having on the Arctic ice cap.

Satellite images had recently revealed that, for the first time, the Northwest Passage lay open to commercial traffic. This constituted a surprise ending to a centuries-old saga, because experts had generally agreed that a passage across the top of North America would never be commercially viable.

Now, however, business interests are eagerly anticipating the opening of that passage — not to carry real gold from Cathay, but to transport black gold from the Alaskan oil fields, and possibly other goods, too. The projected increase in maritime traffic is raising urgent questions — not just for politicians, environmentalists, and military experts, but also for the Inuit who inhabit the Arctic.

Yet, as I stood at the graves on Beechey Island, looking at the contemporary landscape through the eyes of the early explorers, I realized that for history buffs like me, the opening of the Northwest Passage sheds new light on the epic saga of Arctic discovery. The new accessibility shows that history, geography, and climate are forever intertwined, and provides an unprecedented opportunity for visitors to see the passage for themselves.

My own voyage of Arctic discovery began in 1998 in Cambridge, England. Having landed a fellowship to study at one of the world's great universities, I had spent the past couple of months ransacking the archives at the Scott Polar Research Institute. One rainy night in my room, I sat reading an unusually lucid account of how Sir John Franklin came to be recognized as the discoverer of the Northwest Passage.

The author observed that the final survivors of Franklin's 1845–1848 expedition had completed the journey during a doomed march from their ships, which had become trapped in the pack ice off King William Island. He quoted Sir John Richardson, the esteemed naval surgeon and former crewmate of Franklin: "They forged the last link with their lives."

SHEENA FRASER MCGOOGAN

I shook my head at Richardson's assertion. But then I realized that his falsification of history constituted an injustice against the man who really had discovered the final link in a navigable Passage.

—Ken

Ken McGoogan, the author of a quartet of books on Arctic explorers, writes in his journal during a visit to Beechey Island, where, in 1850, explorer Elisha Kent Kane first discovered the graves of three Franklin crew members.

ARCTIC ODYSSEY

The opening of the Northwest Passage offers history buffs a chance to retrace the steps of past Arctic explorers. Some key points of interest include:

1 Disko Island, Greenland In 1845, when Sir John Franklin sailed on what would be his final expedition, he was last seen in Disko Bay, with his two ships attached to an iceberg. Franklin then sailed westward across Davis Strait and was never seen again.

2 Port Leopold, Somerset Island James Clark Ross spent a harsh, scurvy-ridden winter here while searching for Franklin. A few hours by ship farther south is Fury Beach, where in 1825 William Edward Parry abandoned the wreck of the HMS *Fury*. A few years later, the *Fury*'s provisions saved the lives of James Clark Ross, and his uncle, John Ross, when they were trapped by the ice.

3 Peel Sound, Victory Point, King William Island In 1846, Franklin's two ships became trapped near the northwest corner of King William Island. Franklin died here in 1847. There are numerous memorials at Victory Point.

4 Rae Strait, Gjoa Haven John Rae of the Hudson's Bay Company discovered this last link in the Northwest Passage in 1854. Also in the region is Gjoa Haven, an Inuit settlement where Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen spent two winters (1903-05) while becoming the first to navigate the Northwest Passage.

5 Boothia Peninsula In 1839, explorer Thomas Simpson reached the Castor and Pollux rivers on the southwest shore of the Boothia Peninsula and looked onto Rae Strait, which he rightly suspected was the final link in the Northwest Passage. Nearby are locations where cannibalism occurred during the Franklin expedition: Montreal Island, Starvation Cove and Terror Bay.

Since leaving Canada, and with the intention of writing a fourth novel, I had internalized the geography of the quest for the Northwest Passage. This enabled me to grasp what Richardson was hiding with his eloquent phrase — that the Franklin expedition had discovered no navigable passage.

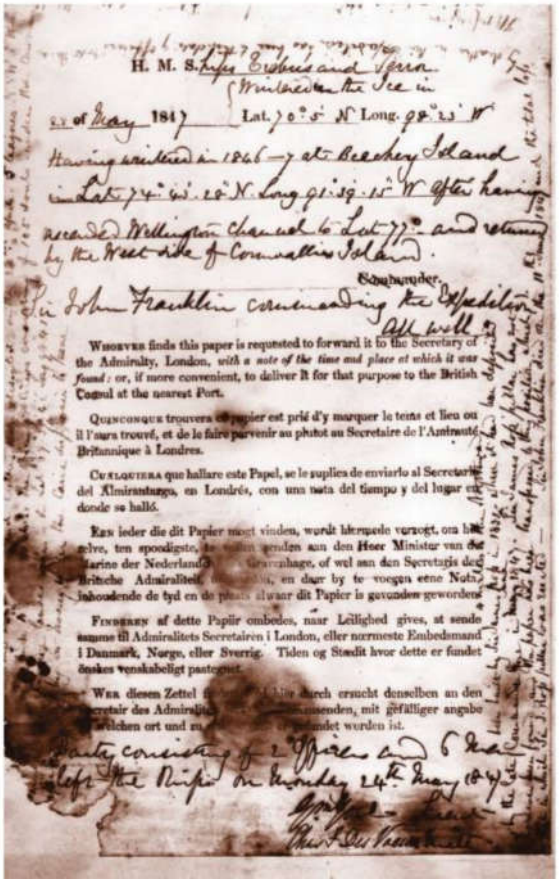
In April 1848, with Sir John already dead, probably of a stroke or a heart attack, the desperate survivors of his doomed expedition — half-crazy with scurvy, starvation and lead poisoning — had slogged south over the ice to perish in a region where no nineteenth-century ship could ever hope to pass.

I shook my head at Richardson's assertion. But then I realized that his falsification of history constituted an injustice against the man who really had discovered the final link in a navigable passage — and that was none other than the neglected Scottish explorer I had been researching for use as a minor character in a work of fiction.

It was John Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, who actually discovered that final link in 1854, when he located a north-south channel running between King William Island and Boothia Peninsula. The Norwegian Roald Amundsen would name that waterway Rae Strait when, early in the twentieth century, he became the first to navigate the Northwest Passage.

That night in Cambridge, when I realized that Franklin's friends had rewritten history, I leapt to my feet and began pacing. I felt driven to set the record straight, even if that meant abandoning my projected novel to write a non-fiction narrative. I did not anticipate that the ensuing book (*Fatal Passage*) would lead me to write three more works about the Arctic. I did not imagine that my sense of outrage would drive me to travel to Boothia Peninsula to honour John Rae with a plaque. And I did not even dream that I was embarking on an Arctic odyssey that would engage me for the next ten years.

OWEN BEATTIE



H. M. S. Terror and Erebus and Ice in
Lat. 70° 5' N Long. 98° 23' W
Sounder.
Sir John Franklin commanding the Expedition
All well

Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, London, *with a note of the time and place at which it was found*; or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the British Consul at the nearest Port.

Quiconque trouvera ce papier est prié d'y marquer le tems et lieu où il l'aura trouvé, et de le faire parvenir au plutôt au Secretaire de l'Amirauté Britannique à Londres.

Cualquiera que hallare este Papel, se le suplica de enviarlo al Secretario del Almirantazgo, en Londrés, con una nota del tiempo y del lugar en donde se halló.

Een ieder die dit Papier moge vinden, wordt hiermede verzogt, om hetzelve, ten spoedigste, te zenden aan den Heer Minister van de Marine der Nederlanden, te 's Gravenhage, of wel aan den Secretaris der Britsche Admiraliteit, te London, en daar by te voegen eene Nota inhoudende de tyd en de plaats alwaar dit Papier is gevonden geworden.

Finderen af dette Papir anbedes, naar Leilighed gives, at sende samme til Admiralitets Secretairen i London, eller nærmeste Embedsmand i Danmark, Norge, eller Sverrig. Tiden og Stedet hvor dette er fundet ønskes venskabeligt paategnet.

Wer diesen Zettel f[illegible] durch ersucht denselben an den Secretair des Admiralit[illegible] zu senden, mit gefälliger angabe welchen ort und z[illegible] gefunden worden ist.

Party consisting of 2 Officers and 6 Men
left the Ships on Monday 24th May 1847

HUDSON BAY COMPANY ARCHIVES

Above:
The remains of John Torrington, 20, the first man to die on Franklin's last expedition. The body was unearthed by scientists who were exploring whether lead poisoning had played a role in the tragedy.

Left:
This note was found in 1859 in a cairn on King William Island. Written by a crew member, it describes the fate of the Franklin expedition.

Arctic exploration is the first great adventure of Canadian history, the touchstone epic that — like the Civil War for Americans — every generation is driven to revisit. Until now, most Canadians have had to content ourselves with simply reading about the fabled Northwest Passage.

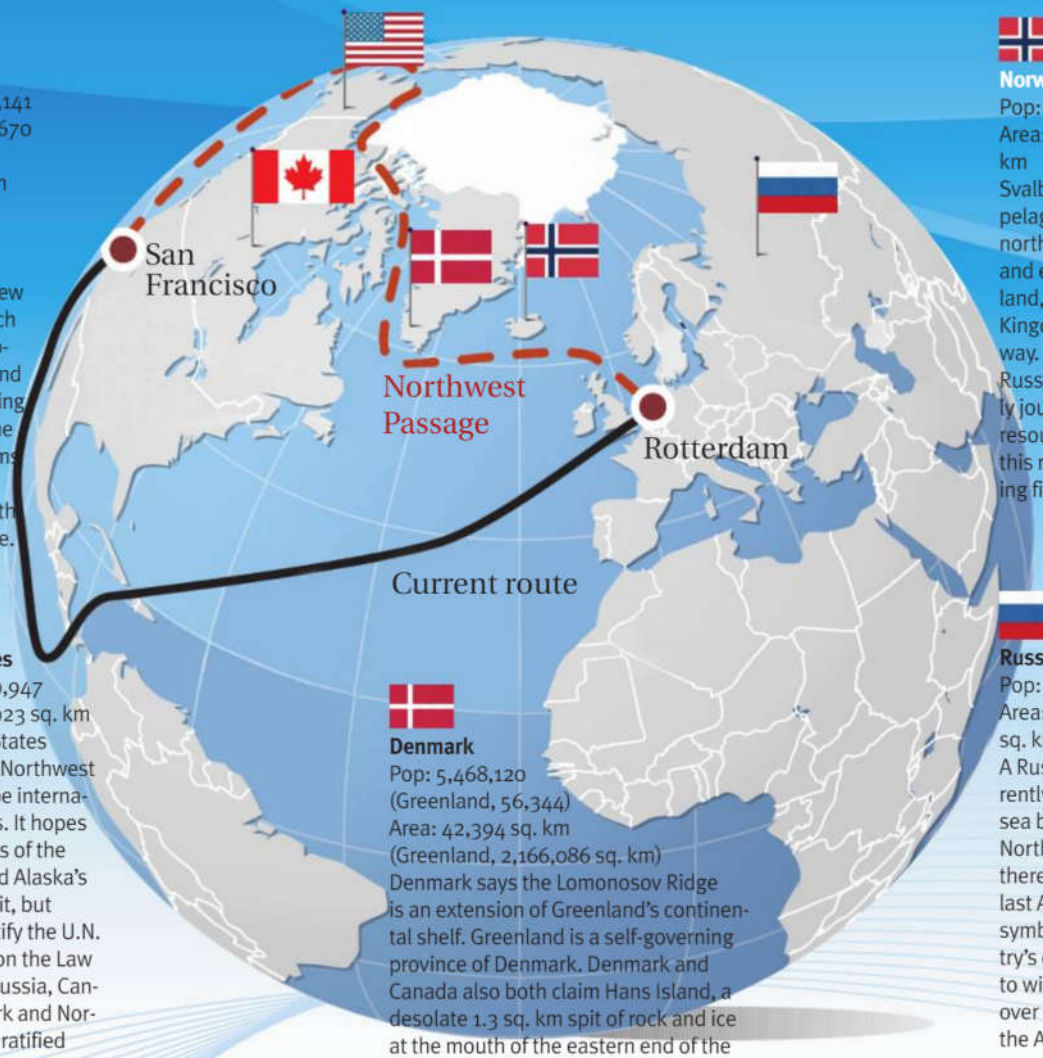
The opening of that passage makes possible a different kind of adventure. In the future, history buffs will come in droves to visit various sites. They will come to Beechey Island, Nunavut, where John Franklin buried those three men; to De la Guiche Point, Nunavut, where John Rae discovered the final link in the Northwest Passage; and to Coppermine (Kugluktuk), Nunavut, where in the 1770s the English explorer Samuel Hearne marked a first point on the map of the Arctic coast.

In the autumn of 2007, as the MS *Explorer* sailed south down Peel Sound, I felt excited and awed to think that we were following the route Franklin took to his doom. Instead of continuing to Victory Point on King William Island, however, where the final Franklin survivors began their desperate, over-ice trek, our ship sailed east into Bellot Strait — yet here, too, I heard the siren call of history.

MICHEL GROLEAU

Arctic Ambitions:

The Northwest Passage, compared to currently used shipping routes



Canada
Pop: 33,390,141
Area: 9,984,670 sq. km
The Canadian government recently pledged to establish a new Arctic research station, deep-water port, and military training facilities in the North. It claims sovereignty over the Northwest Passage.

United States
Pop: 301,139,947
Area: 9,161,923 sq. km
The United States believes the Northwest Passage to be international waters. It hopes to claim parts of the Arctic beyond Alaska's 200-mile limit, but must first ratify the U.N. Convention on the Law of the Sea. Russia, Canada, Denmark and Norway have all ratified UNCLOS.

Denmark
Pop: 5,468,120 (Greenland, 56,344)
Area: 42,394 sq. km (Greenland, 2,166,086 sq. km)
Denmark says the Lomonosov Ridge is an extension of Greenland's continental shelf. Greenland is a self-governing province of Denmark. Denmark and Canada also both claim Hans Island, a desolate 1.3 sq. km spit of rock and ice at the mouth of the eastern end of the Northwest Passage.

Norway
Pop: 4,627,926
Area: 307,442 sq. km
Svalbard, an archipelago located north of Norway and east of Greenland, is part of the Kingdom of Norway. Norway and Russia are currently jousting over resource rights in this region, including fishing rights.

Russia
Pop: 141,377,752
Area: 16,995,800 sq. km
A Russian flag currently sits on the sea bottom at the North Pole, placed there by submarine last August as a symbol of the country's determination to win ownership over a vast swath of the Arctic.

(ALL FIGURES EST. JULY 2007. COURTESY OF THE WORLD FACT BOOK, CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY)

The melting of the polar ice cap has ignited a territorial tug-of-war on several fronts, including sovereignty over the Northwest Passage. Canada claims the passage as part of its Arctic territory, but the United States argues that the route should be considered an international shipping lane.

The stakes are high. The Northwest Passage — which was ice-free for the first time in recorded history last summer — shaves 4,200 kilometres off of a trip from New York City to Tokyo. Currently, vessels going from the east coast of North America to Asia travel via the Panama Canal.

Arctic warming also opens up the possibility of new resource development for oil, natural gas, diamonds, and other minerals. Russia, Canada, the United States, Denmark, and Norway are already staking competing claims to parts of the Arctic. Of particular interest is Lomonosov Ridge, a vast undersea shelf beneath the North Pole. Recent reports estimate the Arctic could hold between ten and twenty-five percent of the world's undiscovered oil reserves.

Meanwhile, environmentalists are concerned about the impact an increase in sea traffic and resource exploitation will have on the sensitive ecology of the region. Oil spills are a particular concern.

HUGO AHLENIUS, UNEP/GRID-ARENDAL

The melting of the polar ice cap will have profound economic and environmental impacts

Projected changes in Arctic pack ice

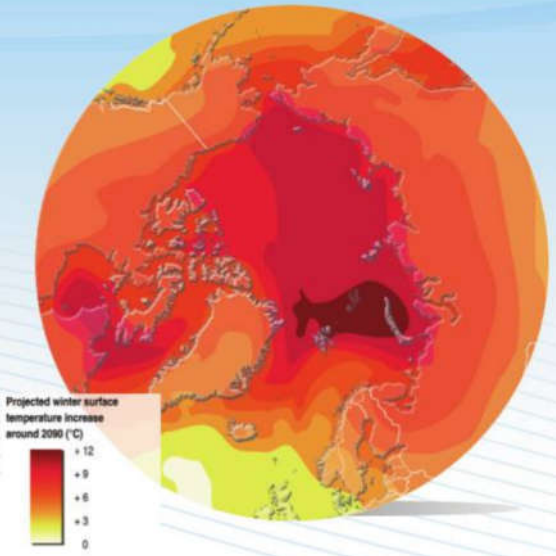
2010–2030

2040–2060

2070–2090

The Arctic's permanent ice pack is already declining markedly and is projected to melt even more rapidly in the future, as shown in these images from the Arctic Climate Impact Assessment Report. Some models predict the complete loss of summer sea ice in this century.

Temperature increase in the Arctic, 2090 scenario



The averages of the scenarios in the Arctic Climate Impact Assessment (ACIA) are presented in this figure, for the year 2090. The Arctic is a place where the effects of climate change are already very visible, and scenarios suggests that this will be one of the regions were the effects will be at their strongest.

Fossil fuel resources and oil and gas production in the Arctic

The Arctic has been opened up for increased exploration of petroleum, gas and mining activities. The Barents Sea, the Mackenzie Valley in Canada and the Alaskan North Slope, are the areas of chief interest at the moment. With increased temperatures and climate change, it is expected that the commercial interest for more extraction and exploration will increase, as well as shipping of the products.

MICHEL GRELAU

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN PRAGUE

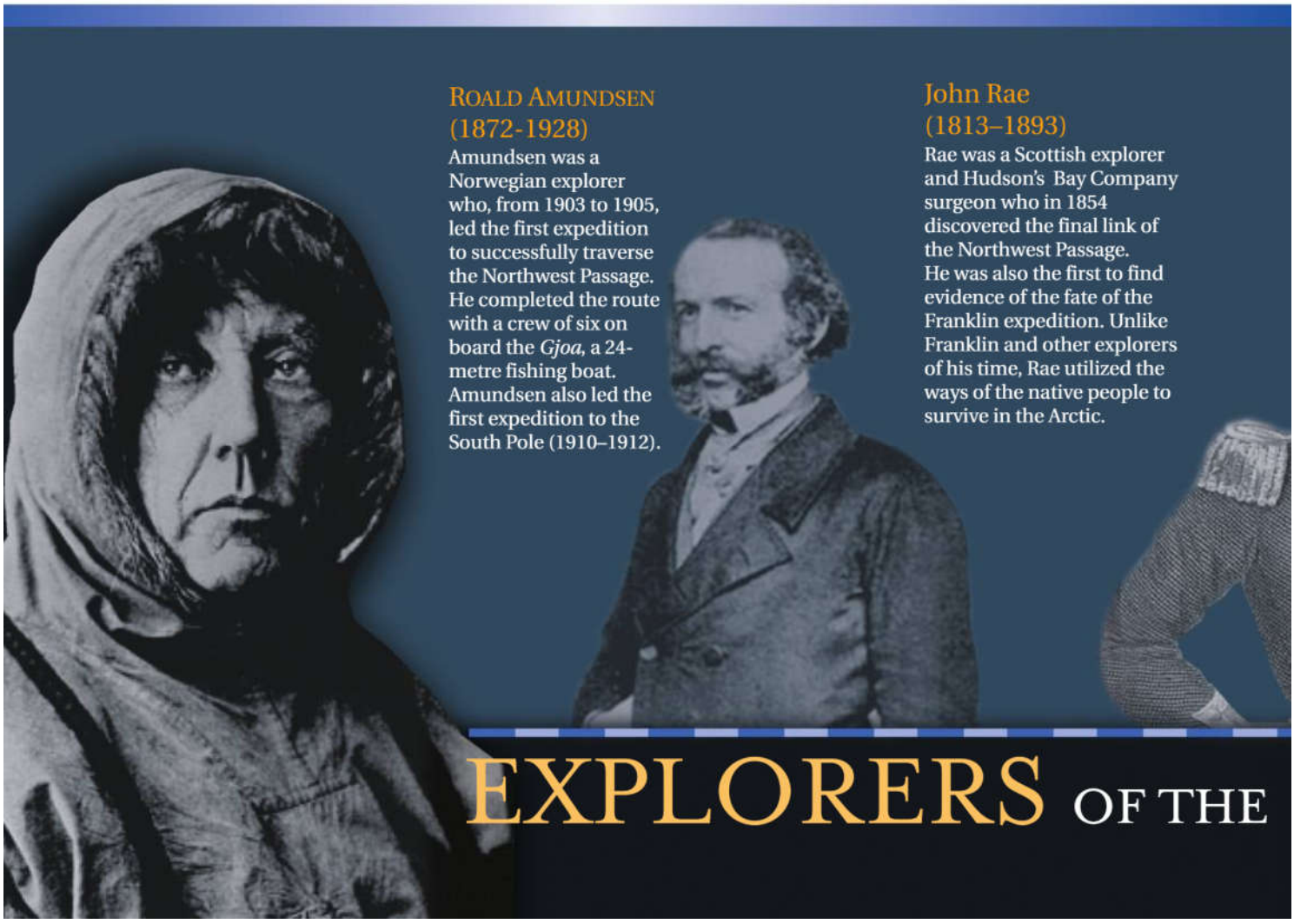
***Starvation Cove*, an 1897 painting by Julius Payer, depicts the artist's vision of the final moments of the last survivors of the Franklin expedition.**

While researching my third book about the north, *Lady Franklin's Revenge*, I had paid special attention to the expeditions that Jane Franklin sent in search of her lost husband. In 1851, Lady Franklin sent Captain William Kennedy in the *Prince Albert* to search for her husband around King William Island. Kennedy sailed south down Prince Regent Inlet and got trapped in the ice. The following spring, along with Joseph René Bellot, his second-in-command, Kennedy travelled through what is today known as Bellot Strait from east to west by dogsled — and then insisted on turning the wrong way, northwest instead of south.

More than a century and a half later, as we passed through the narrow strait, I found myself marvelling that where Kennedy and Bellot had battled pack ice and blizzard conditions, we sailed through open water and saw not so much as an iceberg. The contrast was striking.

In September 2007, nobody aboard the MS *Explorer* imagined that this would be the ship's last northern voyage, and that within three months, while sailing in Antarctica; the double-hulled vessel would hit an iceberg and sink. Most people on board — I speak as one of the ship's dozen resource people — were far too busy to worry.

Every day we went cruising in Zodiacs, sometimes wending through a maze of breathtaking icebergs, other times gliding along a craggy cliff face raucous with birds. We saw walruses, narwhals, and bowhead whales. And twice we saw polar bears at a distance of forty or fifty metres. One of these magnificent creatures, a thousand-pound adult male that stood ten feet tall, gazed back at us, interested but unconcerned, before swinging off to go scavenging along the rocky coast.


ROALD AMUNDSEN
(1872-1928)
Amundsen was a Norwegian explorer who, from 1903 to 1905, led the first expedition to successfully traverse the Northwest Passage. He completed the route with a crew of six on board the *Gjoa*, a 24-metre fishing boat. Amundsen also led the first expedition to the South Pole (1910–1912).
John Rae
(1813–1893)
Rae was a Scottish explorer and Hudson's Bay Company surgeon who in 1854 discovered the final link of the Northwest Passage. He was also the first to find evidence of the fate of the Franklin expedition. Unlike Franklin and other explorers of his time, Rae utilized the ways of the native people to survive in the Arctic.
EXPLORERS OF THE

On this particular Adventure Canada cruise, we visited a number of Inuit settlements along the north coast of Baffin Island. At Clyde River, population 850, an articulate twenty-year-old, Clark Kalluk, led a few of us around the village. He noted that in this community, husky dogs are not pets but "security guards against the thirty or forty polar bears that will soon come roaming through town."

Kalluk described how, a few months before, during the long, dark, polar night, he was walking home from a friend's place when he came face to face with a polar bear. "I turned and ran to the nearest house," he said, "and the bear followed me to the door."

This gave me pause, for I had recently read the journals of Elisha Kent Kane, who vividly described how a couple of polar bears ravaged a well-buried cache of provisions, smashing open iron caskets of pemmican and tossing aside boulders that had tested the strength of three men.

I had seen polar bears at a distance in 2001, when I visited Churchill, Manitoba, while working on a book about Samuel Hearne (*Ancient Mariner*). With a group of Chipewyan-Dene, Hearne had conducted a remarkable overland journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River. But he had never battled polar bears, which did not begin to frequent the Churchill area until much later.

Those explorers who did tangle with those formidable animals usually entered the Arctic by ship and then got stranded, and I imagined the horror some of them must have felt, as, stranded and starving in a frozen wasteland, they suddenly realized they were being stalked by the Arctic's deadliest predator. It gave me the chills.

Last year, when I sailed with Adventure Canada, I was working on a book about Elisha Kent Kane (*Race to the Polar Sea*), the final volume in what has turned out to be an Arctic quartet. So I was thinking about Kane as we left Baffin Island and started across Davis Strait.

I stood on the top deck looking north, towards where Kane, in 1853, traversed the treacherous Middle Ice. He was sailing in search of Franklin and believed the Englishman had become trapped in an open polar sea at the top of the world. Kane himself was about to spend two horrific winters battling cold, dark, scurvy, and amputations. He survived only because he managed to forge an alliance with the local Inuit.

In Davis Strait, for the first time on this voyage, we encountered rough weather. As I stood in the wind and rain, I couldn't help but think what such a

Sir John Franklin
(1786–1847)
Franklin was a British naval officer who mapped almost two-thirds of North America's north coast. He was fifty-nine when he set off May 19, 1845, on his final and tragic quest for the Northwest Passage. He and his crew died of starvation and exposure after their ships became icebound.
Martin Frobisher
(1539–1594)
Frobisher was an English mariner who made three Arctic voyages during the Elizabethan Age, when interest in finding a Northwest Passage to the Orient was high. He got as far as Baffin Island at a time when very little was known of this part of the world and ships were not built for such extreme conditions.
NORTHWEST PASSAGE

THE FORT ROSS MOTEL

BY SARA MINOGUE

Gripping onto the cold wet plastic of the dinghy that transports me to Somerset Island, I scan the black shoreline and spot our destination — two small white buildings gleaming under a full moon.

This is the old Fort Ross trading post, which hosted a key event in the history of the Northwest Passage. It was here, on September 2, 1937, that the first modern-day east-west trade took place in the passage. Two Hudson's Bay supply ships — the *Aklavik* and the *Nascopie* — met just east of Fort Ross in Bellot Strait, a waterway that is the meeting point for the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Built by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1937, the post was abandoned five years later after thick summer ice prevented re-supply for two years in a row. The first parachute jump north of the Arctic Circle took place here in 1943, when the Bay dropped in a man to determine where a plane could land to fetch the last Bay manager and his wife.

In more recent years Fort Ross has taken on a new life as a stopping point for Arctic travellers, including our crew of seven on a recent sailing trip aboard the *Jotun Arctic*.

Disembarking from the dinghy, we follow a pathway lined with white painted rocks that lead to the abandoned house and trading post. The former has been laid waste by polar bears while the latter — fortified with sheets of plywood covering the windows — has been outfitted as a survival shelter.

Inside the post, the original wood floor barely creaks, though it was laid down seventy years before by a Hudson's Bay ship crew in a rush to get out before the ice came in. Lighting up a kerosene lamp, we see bunks and a diesel stove, as well as some canned beans, Dad's cookies and a deck of cards.

Of particular interest are the stories people have left behind. A logbook dubbed the "The Fort Ross Motel Guest Register" starts in 1991 and contains entries from an assortment of global citizens, such as Chilean kayakers and Scottish anthropologists.

In 1997, someone wrote: "Today the windows were broken, we have taken some food, dry and cans. We would like to give our genuine thankfulness to whoever has left the food."

Another, more poignant story, is told in a small blue prospector's notebook, found wedged behind a coffee tin. It contains the bullet-point autobiography of a man who moved north in a bid to beat his demons — the "goin' north" story writ small.

"Forty five to present — last four years — jail — living on my own, giving daughter and her mom as much support as I can. Too much booze affecting my credibility as a worker. Physically and psychologically worn down."

His name, written in block letters on the cover, is there for anyone to see. And with more and more cruise ships offering transits of the Northwest Passage, more visitors are likely to read his story, as well as all the other travellers' tales left behind at the "Fort Ross Motel."

Sara Minogue is a freelance writer living in Iqaluit, Nunavut.

The former Hudson's Bay Company trading post at Fort Ross now serves as a sanctuary for modern-day Arctic explorers.

journey would have been like for those early explorers.

The MS *Explorer*, a purpose-built expeditionary vessel, displaced 2,400 tons. That made it small in comparison with today's passenger liners. Yet Franklin's two vessels, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, were far smaller, at 370 and 326 tons respectively. And Kane's *Advance*, at 144 tons, was not even one-tenth the size of the ship on which I stood.

The idea of challenging these choppy waters and worse, far worse, in the Middle Ice, in such a tiny vessel ... well, I could only shake my head. What had Kane been thinking? In general terms, of course, I knew the answer: He was hoping against hope that he would find that open polar sea with some Franklin survivors in it — a discovery that certainly would have etched his name in the annals of exploration. But then, as I hung on against the blowing rain, I asked myself a tougher question: What would Kane and the other explorers think if they could stand here beside me now? Certainly, they would marvel at the size and comfort of this modest ship. Three-course meals, private bathrooms with showers, Zodiacs in which to cruise and go ashore: amazing! And what safety, what security!

SHEENA FRASER MCGOOGAN

SHEENA FRASER MCGOOGAN

For centuries, explorers had sailed into a vast blank space, braving the white, booming emptiness with nothing resembling a Global Positioning System, and with no hope of communicating with the world, knowing they would remain isolated and alone, reliant solely on themselves, for months and even years at a time.

Now, to see the Passage conquered so completely, with tourists laughing and chatting as they walk across the tundra in regions where the great Arctic explorers endured starvation, scurvy, and the amputations of toes and fingers — the mind boggles.

With the storm-tossed *Explorer* bucking and heaving, and my cosy cabin below decks becoming ever more alluring, I thought of the sites we had visited and would yet visit on this voyage — accessible locations that were once almost unreachable, where explorers had frequently suffered and died — and I felt that, as their beneficiaries, we have not done nearly enough to mark those spots.

The opening of the Passage gives us another chance. We have a new opportunity to commemorate the explorers who pursued the dream of conquering the Northwest Passage — the dream that has only now, after so many centuries, become a reality. Surely the time has come?

Ken McGoogan has won several awards with his books about Arctic exploration, including the Pierre Berton Award for History. This autumn, he will publish *Race to the Polar Sea*; BBC and History Channel will broadcast a docu-drama based on his book *Fatal Passage*; and, with Adventure Canada, he will sail to Kane Basin in the High Arctic.

Passengers aboard the MS *Explorer* prepare to head out on Zodiacs to explore the Arctic waters of the Northwest Passage. Voyagers to the Arctic can see plenty of wildlife, including walrus, narwhals and polar bears.

Go behind the story with The Beaver's podcast interview with Ken McGoogan, at: thebeaver.ca

Et Cetera

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Fatal Passage: The Untold Story of John Rae, the Arctic Adventurer Who Discovered the Fate of Franklin by Ken McGoogan, Harper Collins Canada, Toronto, 2001.

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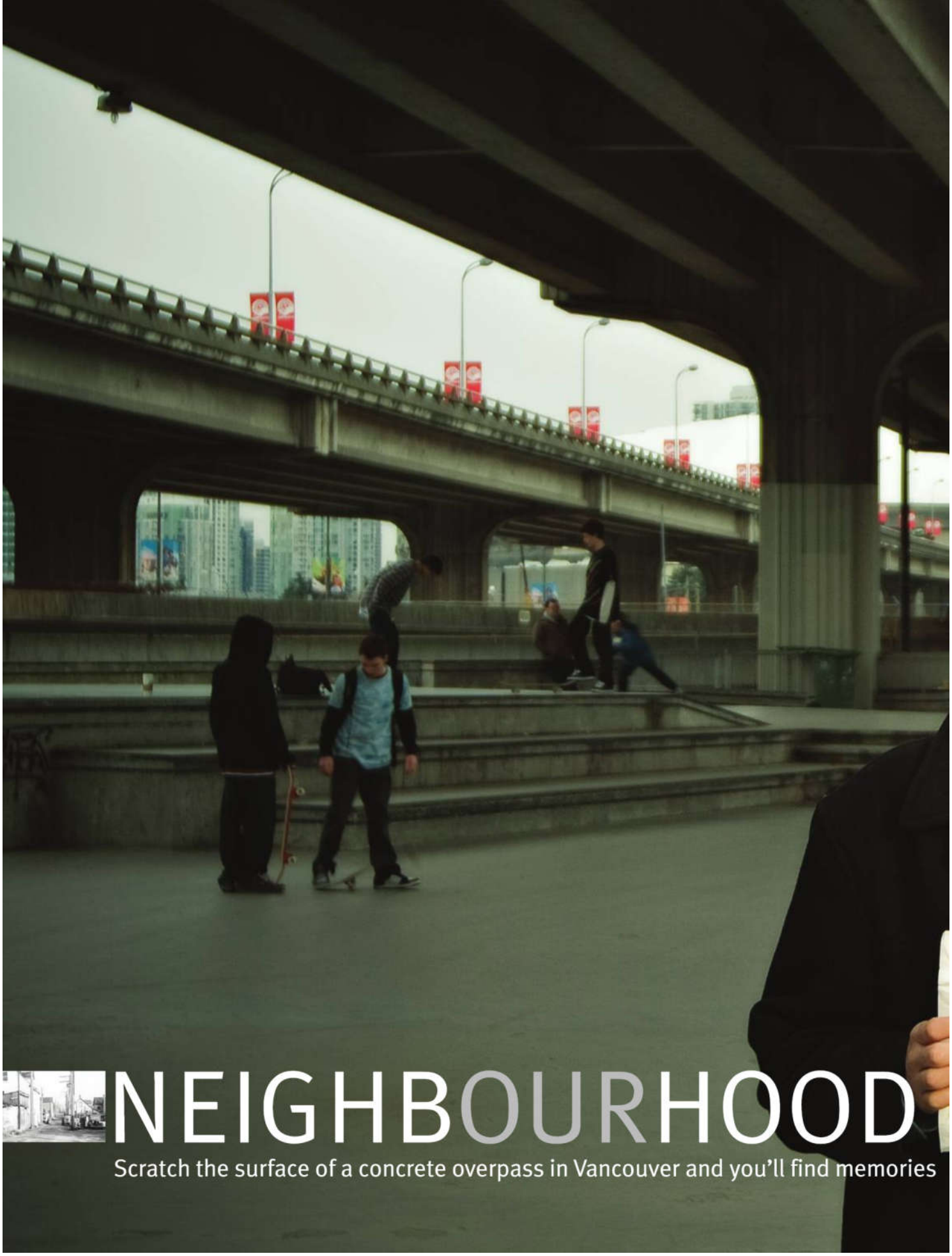
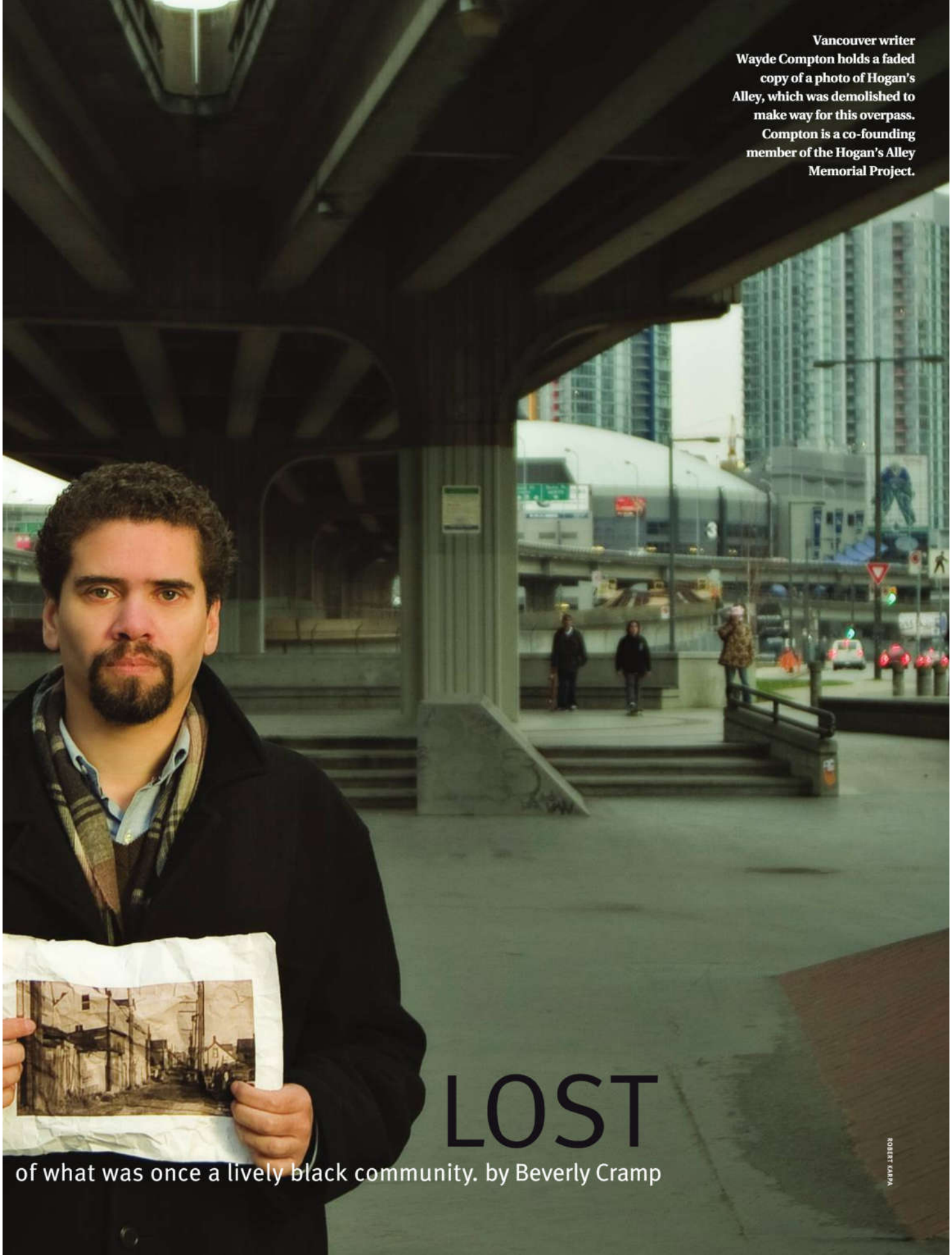
CANADIAN PRESS/JONATHAN HAYWARD



NEIGHBOURHOOD

Scratch the surface of a concrete overpass in Vancouver and you'll find memories



Vancouver writer Wayde Compton holds a faded copy of a photo of Hogan's Alley, which was demolished to make way for this overpass. Compton is a co-founding member of the Hogan's Alley Memorial Project.

ROBERT KARPA

LOST

of what was once a lively black community. by Beverly Cramp

"Oh the things that used to happen there!" Itinerant black musician Austin Phillips was recalling a time back in the 1930s when he played guitar for tips in an East End Vancouver bootlegging precinct called Hogan's Alley.

"There was nothing but parties in Hogan's Alley — nighttime, anytime, and Sundays all day," sixty-seven-year-old Phillips said in an interview in 1977, two years before he died. "You could go by at six or seven o'clock in the morning, and you could hear jukeboxes going, you hear somebody hammering the piano, playing the guitar, or hear some fighting, or see some fighting, screams, and everybody carrying on. Some people singing like a bunch of coyotes holler."

TOD GREENAWAY

Austin Phillips

Looking at the area now — Hogan's Alley is a street overpass without a shred of heritage clinging to its concrete — it's hard to imagine that a vibrant black culture ever existed here. Hogan's Alley was part of a larger black community concentrated in the part of the East End called Strathcona. While Strathcona was a mixed area — people of Italian, Chinese, and Japanese origin also lived there, for example — there were dozens of black families in what became a distinct black neighbourhood. Hogan's Alley was a small section of vice in what was otherwise a peaceable but diverse working-class area.

"You met all kinds of winos and rubbies — fellas that'd drink rubbing alcohol and canned heat [paraffin wax]," Phillips said. "You could see every nationality under the sun down there. There were two Macaroni Joes, a coupla' Italians — a little 'un and a big one. They had some cabins at the end of Hogan's Alley. The little one had a cabin where he made wine. The big one — the fat one — had a house."

Phillips was interviewed by Carole Itter, who, along with co-author Daphne Marlatt, made audio recordings of Vancouver's East End pioneers for their book of oral histories called *Opening Doors: Vancouver's East End*. Oral history is almost all that remains of Vancouver's once very visible black community. Gone for more than half a century, there is virtually no formal recognition of this early twentieth century black presence.

Few mentions about black Vancouver can be found in history books. There's a paucity of photographic or written records in archival collections. There are no official civic markers. It's as if it never existed.

Among those with family roots in Vancouver was rock legend Jimi Hendrix. His grandmother, Nora Hendrix, came to Vancouver from Seattle in 1911, having been born in Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1883. Her son Al moved to Seattle to join the army during World War II and later fathered Jimi. As a boy, Jimi spent some of his summers visiting his grandmother Nora in the city. Jimi Hendrix later played at one of Vancouver's East End nightclubs, the Smilin' Buddha Cabaret.

Nora Hendrix, who passed away in 1984, was one of the black Vancouver pioneers interviewed in *Opening Doors*. She was a bit of an entertainer herself, singing in church choirs and being part of a minstrel show. She remembered the Strathcona neighbourhood, with its red-light district confined to Hogan's Alley, as a safe place in its early days.

CITY OF VANCOUVER ARCHIVES

This 1930 photo shows a group of black men in Vancouver at the Seamen's Institute, a church mission for sailors.

TOD GREENAWAY

Nora Hendrix

"Men wasn't grabbing women and all that stuff. 'Cause a man coming out of the woods or something, well, he'd know where to go…. No, it was a good thing to have that red-light district."

It's believed that Strathcona's beginning as a predominately black neighbourhood came after two railway stations were built nearby between 1915 and 1917. Since many railway porters were black, they would inevitably

drift into the Strathcona neighbourhood during stopovers in Vancouver.

"Most of the men worked on the railroad," Hendrix recalled in *Opening Doors*. "Except only those that worked in the buildings downtown, down in the big buildings, they had coloured men janitors. It was hard for coloured men to get just the ordinary jobs."

Since so few employers would hire them, some of Vancouver's black pioneers opened restaurants and nightclubs. The eateries specialized in southern U.S.-style cuisine

and were generically referred to as "joints" or chicken houses, because they were run out of what had been residential homes.

The first person to create a chicken eatery was Rosa Pryor, who came to Vancouver from Iowa via Seattle in 1917. It wasn't easy. When no one would lend her the twenty dollars she needed to buy a business licence, Pryor went to the racetrack, where she met a woman who was willing to spot her the money. She called her establishment the Chicken Inn.

CITY OF VANCOUVER ARCHIVES

Members of the Negro Masonic Lodge in Vancouver, circa 1923.

The invisible community

Vancouver has many more black citizens today than it did during the heyday of Hogan's Alley, yet they are less visible now than in the past. The city's 18,000 people of black descent are from many countries and are widely scattered.

"I always say it was as if blacks in Vancouver were given orders to move as far apart from each other as they could," says Vancouver writer Wayde Compton.

Compton attributes the near invisibility of blacks in Vancouver to two factors — the razing of Hogan's Alley in the 1970s to make way for a viaduct, which killed a distinct neighbourhood, and the rise of the civil rights movement, which gave blacks an opportunity to integrate into white middle-class neighbourhoods.

The author of *Bluesprint: Black British Columbian Literature and Orature*, Compton has made it his mission to revive the memory of Vancouver's black community through the Hogan's Alley Memorial Project. The volunteer organization is interviewing surviving black pioneers, and documenting their stories before they are lost forever. And it is attempting to have the former neighbourhood recognized in some way, either by the city or by the National Historic Sites and Monuments Board. But progress has been slow.

"There are no plans at this time to commemorate Hogan's Alley, and a source of funding would be one of the major challenges," according to Hugh McLean, a planner with the city of Vancouver who formerly managed the city's heritage plaque program. Existing city plaques mark protected heritage buildings — and none exist in what was once Hogan's Alley. Another commemorative program done as a Millenium project in 2000 set up memorial plaques in various Vancouver neighbourhoods, but Hogan's Alley was likely too little known to get one of its own.

Compton says the lack of a formal history of Hogan's Alley compounds the problem. No one wrote about it — its working-class residents were too busy making a living to record their own stories.

"It's just really like starting from scratch," he said. "It's really just going straight to people, word of mouth, asking them about their families. It's made me realize how important it is to have someone keeping the history as things are happening." **— Nelle Oosterom**

Forgotten Streets

Hogan's Alley in 1939, shown here as a map inserted on a modern-day satellite image of part of Vancouver's East End, looked nothing like the area does today. Almost all of the original buildings and most of the streets are gone; covered over by the Georgia Street Viaduct.

"I was the first person ever fried any chicken. First person to have a chicken inn. They didn't know much about fried chicken here in this country like they did in the States," she told the *Opening Doors* interviewers.

"I opened the Chicken Inn in July 18, 1919, and I was there forty-two years. I charged fifty cents for a little squab, the small birds. I rolled them in salt and pepper, a little flour and fried them straight. I got tamales and chili con carne later. I didn't have music at all at first. Later I got a gramophone."

The Chicken Inn was outside the notorious Hogan's Alley district, but Austin Phillips remembered that Pryor would occasionally venture into the area.

"That old Mrs. Pryor, that big woman, she used to weigh about 350 pounds, I liked to see *her* come in," Phillips recalled in *Opening Doors*. "She'd come down about every three months. She used to bring a sack, one of them leather bags, and she'd have it full of silver dollars and fifty-cent pieces. And she would set me on her knee and say, 'Play my song!'… Every time I'd sing '*Maggie*' for her, she'd give me a silver dollar."

Places like the Chicken Inn became a distinctive sight in the black Strathcona neighbourhood. Not only did the chicken eateries provide livelihoods for the owners, they provided jobs for blacks who cooked, cleaned, and served.

Strathcona's illegal gambling, drinking, and prostitution activities were confined mainly to Hogan's Alley, which was not representative of the larger working-class black community.

In fact, for many East End blacks, church life was the major cultural institution. The first black church, Fountain Chapel American Methodist Episcopal, started by Nora Hendrix and others in 1918, was the hub of the community.

"Spirituals and gospel music was such an important part of our life and our culture. Everybody just enjoyed being in church. You looked forward to doing it," said Thelma Gibson, who grew up in Strathcona in the 1930s and '40s. Gibson made the comment in *Hogan's Alley*, an independently produced video released in 1994 by Andrea Fatona and Cornelia Wyngaarden.

But while many blacks took pains to distance themselves from the vice on their doorstep, Hogan's Alley nevertheless unfairly became a euphemism for the historical black community in Strathcona.

For some whites, it was the only part of Vancouver's black community they ever saw. Hogan's Alley attracted wealthier Vancouverites — politicians, businessmen, and even policemen — who came to enjoy the southern-style blues musicians, the chicken houses, and the gambling. "[Former Mayor L.D.] Taylor would be down and around these places drinkin' just as much as anyone else. Only he didn't like it to be known," said Phillips.

Even in its early days, Hogan's Alley and the surrounding neighbourhood were threatened with demolition by civic authorities who saw the area as "blighted."

A *Vancouver Sun* newspaper article dated April 21, 1939, and titled "Hogan's Alley Fate at Stake" reported on a visit to the area by city hall officials: "To the average citizen, Hogan's Alley stands for three things — squalor, immorality and crime. But is Hogan's Alley the blemish on the face of this city it is claimed to be? Or is it only the focal point of criticism directed at the district for blocks around? According to officialdom, the answer is in the affirmative in both cases."

In the end, only two dwellings were demolished.

By the late 1940s, Vancouver was becoming a vaudeville and night-club hotspot. Because they were denied

liquor licences until the late 1960s, the East End nightclubs, including those in Hogan's Alley, became what were known as unlicensed "bottle clubs" — patrons could bring their own liquor bottles, hide them under the table, and order mix in glasses. These were occasionally raided by police.

Robert Crump, who moved to Vancouver from Alberta as a child in 1942, played guitar in the East End clubs.

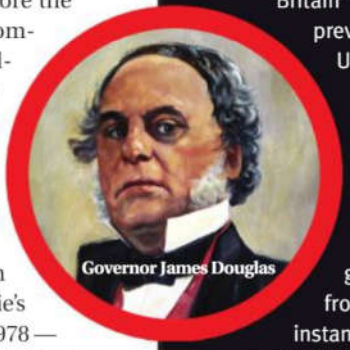
"I played with my brother at local clubs like the Harlem Nocturne, the Smilin' Buddha and New Delhi [pronounced New Del – high]," Crump said in an interview.

City officials never lost their distaste for Hogan's Alley and the surrounding area. In the 1960s, plans were put in place to demolish vast parts of the East End, build modern apartment towers, and construct a freeway through the heart of the residential neighbourhood. When they realized what was happening, local residents of all ethnicities rose up in opposition to the plans.

Dorothy Nealy recalls the battle in *Opening Doors*: "When we heard of the city council's plans for the neighbourhood, we were horrified, we just screamed.... The people from outside came in and told us we shouldn't have those houses, we should live in housing projects, we should live in high-rises. But what was wrong with living here? ... I wouldn't want to live anyplace else. But somebody comes over from Dunbar district, looking down their noses at this end of town.

"It's just like the Christians going to Africa, trying to convert you to Christianity when you already have your own tribal laws and religions and everything else. And that was their attitude when they came down here."

The demonstrators won in the end. Yet it was a hollow victory for the black community. The freeway and high-rise plans were revoked, but not before the block housing Hogan's Alley had been completely demolished. A large concrete roadwork called the Georgia Street Viaduct was built over the property in 1972. Cars now speed over land that once housed the rollicking bootlegging district.


Governor James Douglas

The razing of Hogan's Alley marked the beginning of the end for Vancouver's distinct black neighbourhood. The chicken houses disappeared — the last one being Vie's Chicken and Steakhouse, which closed in 1978 — as did the nightclubs. The Smilin' Buddha — the East Hastings cabaret where Jimi Hendrix riffed back in the '60s — hung on until 1989, by which time it had became a seedy beer parlor.

The black population also drifted away. Many East End blacks had long aspired to move to more affluent parts of the city. As Robert Crump, who grew up in the neighbourhood, recalled, "people began moving to other areas like Mount Pleasant, Surrey, and Langley. Not much of [a black] concentration anywhere now."

Beverly Cramp is a Vancouver-based freelance writer.

MICHEL GROLEAU

To hear the 1977 interview with Hogan's Alley musician Austin Phillips, go to: thebeaver.ca.

Et Cetera

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Go Do Some Great Thing: The Black Pioneers of B.C. by Crawford Killian, Douglas and McIntyre, Vancouver, 1978.

In *The Beaver:* "Odyssey: B.C.'s Black Pioneers" by Philip Jensen, February/March 1999; "Courting Mifflin Gibbs" by Abraham Arnold, April/May 2001; "The Varieties of Black Experience" by Christopher Moore, June/July 2002.

The black migration of '58

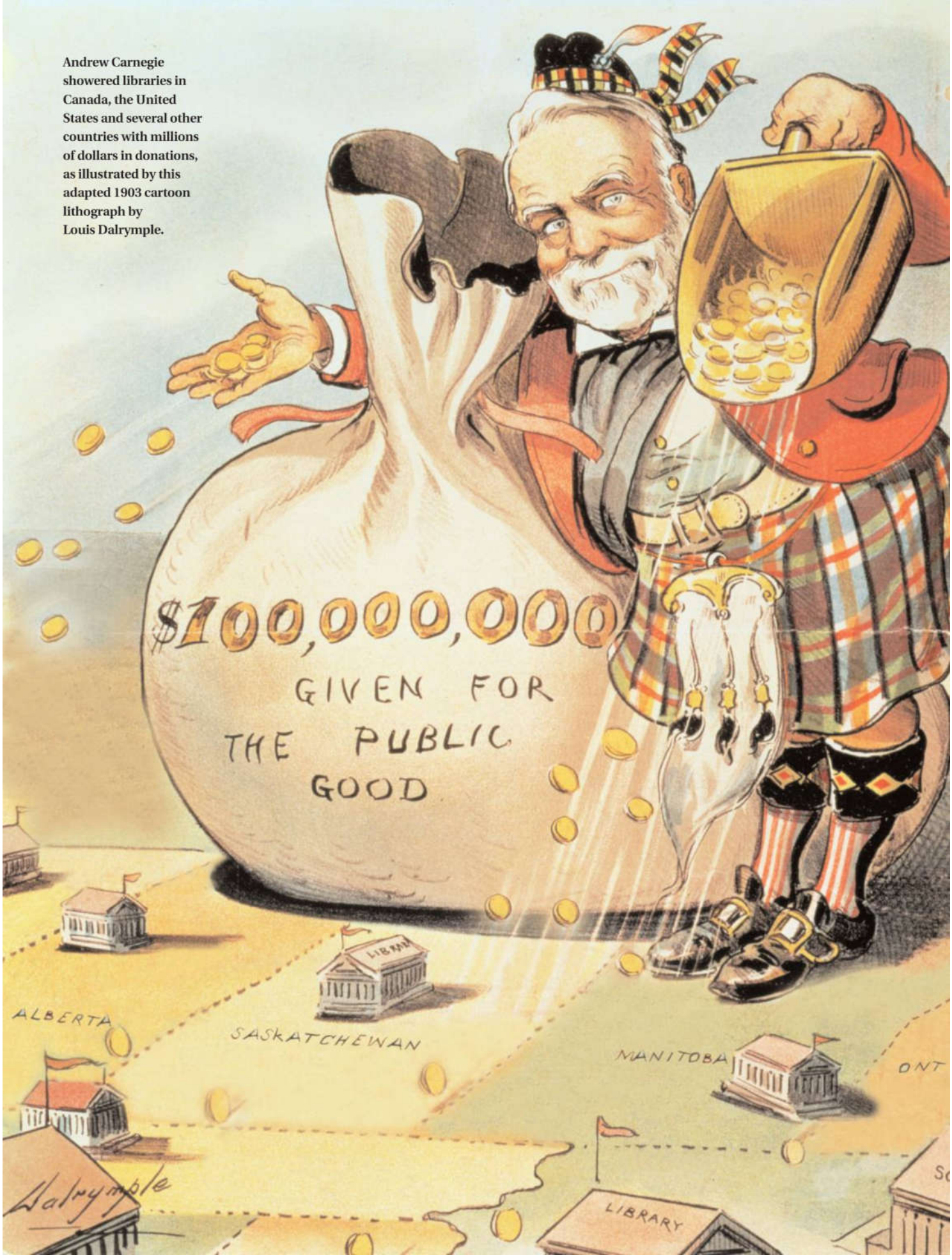
One hundred and fifty years ago this spring, about 600 black immigrants, many of them former slaves, left San Francisco for a new home in British Columbia. They settled mainly on Salt Spring Island and in Victoria and came at the written invitation of colonial Governor James Douglas, who was himself part black.

Douglas, who was born of a Scottish father and a Creole mother, believed black immigrants would be eager to leave racial persecution behind them and become loyal subjects of Britain — a factor that would help in his fight to prevent the colony from being annexed by the United States.

Many of the arriving blacks were well-educated and prosperous. Foremost among them was Mifflin Gibbs, a merchant elected to Victoria town council in 1866 as the first black politician in Canada.

However, the settlers' initial optimism gave way to disappointment as they confronted racism in the colony. Gibbs, for instance, formed an all-black militia — the Victoria Pioneer Rifle Corps., also known as the African Rifles — in 1861. But it disbanded in disgust in 1865 when its members were not allowed to attend the farewell banquet for the outgoing governor. Segregation in churches, theatres, and public houses was common.

On Salt Spring Island, where black settlers faced many hardships in taming the wilderness, racism increased as more whites arrived. With the ending of the American Civil War — and the consequent end of slavery in the U.S. South — many of the American blacks left B.C. to return to the States. Today, only a handful of descendants of the original black settlers of Salt Spring remain on the island.



Andrew Carnegie showered libraries in Canada, the United States and several other countries with millions of dollars in donations, as illustrated by this adapted 1903 cartoon lithograph by Louis Dalrymple.

NOT EVERYONE WELCOMED ANDREW CARNEGIE'S GENEROSITY TOWARDS CANADIAN LIBRARIES. SOME SAW IT AS A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL. *BY SUSAN GOLDENBERG*

Two concerns weighed heavily on the mind of Reverend A. H. Going as he prepared the Sunday sermon for January 5, 1902, at Waterloo Street Methodist Church in Stratford, Ontario. One was that his little daughter had a mild attack of scarlet fever. The other was the $15,000 that American steel millionaire-turned-philanthropist Andrew Carnegie was offering Stratford for a new public library.

It was the second concern that became the topic of the reverend's sermon, entitled "Christian Manliness." While most Stratfordians were grateful for the offer — Carnegie made similar offers to communities across Canada — Going had a different view. He likened it to a deal with the devil.

As the *Stratford Evening Herald* reported:

"He [Going] was opposed to receiving a dollar from the 'great philanthropist' for three reasons: (1) He was opposed to the principle of begging for such a purpose … (2) Carnegie was a foreigner…. He would touch money from no man who would aim to pull down the British flag from over the Dominion to replace it with the Stars and Stripes. (3) It is blood money accumulated at the sacrifice of the workingman. If Mr. Carnegie wants to show his philanthropy, let him do so by providing for the victims and orphans whose husbands and fathers were shot down by his minions in the Homestead riot."

The "Homestead riot" to which Going referred was a notorious episode in American labour history. During a confrontation in 1892 between armed Pinkerton guards hired by the Carnegie steel mill near Homestead, Pennsylvania, and union strikers, seven strikers and three Pinkertons were killed. Carnegie was abroad at the time and blamed his deputy, Henry Frick. But U.S. historian David Nasaw, in his 2006 biography *Andrew Carnegie*, disputes this, saying Carnegie "knew from the very beginning, from a letter Frick sent him, that Frick intended to call in the Pinkertons and had no objections."

There was a strong feeling within organized labour that the self-made millionaire had built his considerable fortune through "the blood of the workers." Canadian nationalists, meanwhile, disliked Carnegie for expressing a patronizing attitude towards Canada. In his 1885 book *Triumphant Democracy*, Carnegie likened Canada's relationship with Britain to that of a spoiled child to its mother. He went on to charge that Cana-

ILLUSTRATION DIGITALLY ALTERED BY MICHEL GROLEAU WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

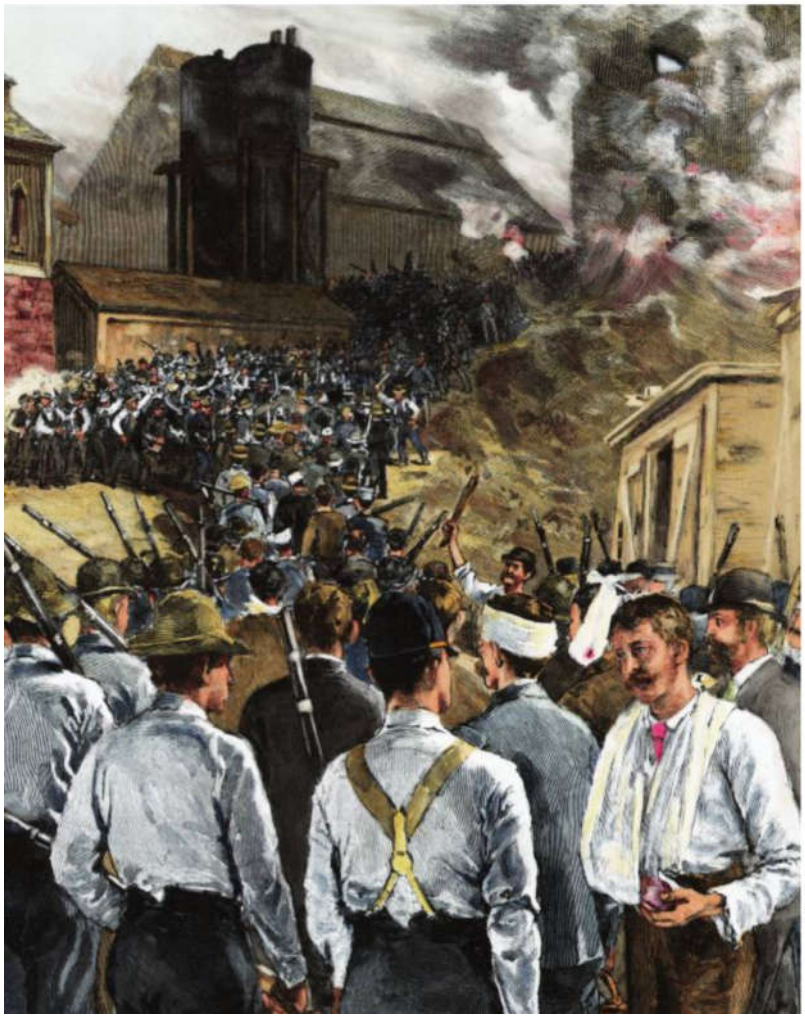
da was a "mere colony," adding that a colony could not "produce a book, invention, statue or picture" or "anything of value beyond wood, corn and beef." No wonder Canadian nationalists were infuriated.

Born in Scotland, Carnegie had as a boy immigrated with his family to the United States. He grew to love his new country, as he said in the dedication to his book, with "an intensity of gratitude and admiration which the native-born citizen can neither feel nor understand."

Carnegie's American patriotism was so effusive that *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, an American publication, dubbed him "the Star-Spangled Scotchman" in its December 1884 issue, one year before *Triumphant Democracy* was published.

And so it was that Carnegie's generosity — he offered more than $2.5 million for 125 libraries in Canada alone — made some Canadians very uncomfortable. Even though there were no strings attached — he did not require that libraries to which he gave money be named after him, did not demand invitations for dedication ceremonies, did not even supply his picture when requested — there were still Canadians like Going who vehemently opposed the steel magnate's largesse.

Below: Illustration from *Harper's Weekly* depicting the Homestead Strike of 1892. The illustration shows Pinkertons, escorted by armed union men, leaving the barges after surrending. Engraving by W. P. Synder.



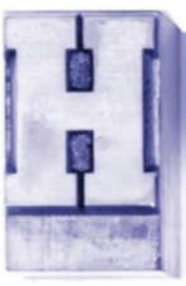
CORBIS

Montreal first accepted, then rejected, $150,000 from Carnegie. Civic pride united English and French Montrealers in opposition to the foreigner. As *Les Débats*, a Montreal weekly newspaper, explained on May 4, 1902: "If Mr. Carnegie would accept our advice, we would tell him to give his $150,000 to the Fraser Institute [Montreal's first public library, financed by a bequest from wealthy merchant Hugh Fraser and opened in 1885]. It is perfectly conducted without partisanship, augmenting itself year by year with valuable works, French and English." The English-language *Montreal Herald* echoed these sentiments, but it was Archbishop Paul Bruchesi who delivered the death blow in January 1903, shortly after his arrival from Rome. Preaching in St. James' Cathedral, with Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier attending, Bruchesi declared: "I will say in my capacity as archbishop and a citizen that when the community's requirements demand a great public library, the city of Montreal will be too rich and too proud to ask an American millionaire to furnish one."

Controversy over Carnegie's library gifts continued in 1903 after he made more disparaging remarks about Canada. In an interview with the *Ironmonger*, the organ of the British metal trades, published May 9, Carnegie said: "Canada has no future except as part of the United States.... Canada can never, standing alone, become a great industrial nation. Her steel industry? A figment. She hasn't made much steel yet, and that only under a bounty of seven dollars a ton. Cape Breton? A mirage. Nothing there need ever trouble the United States."

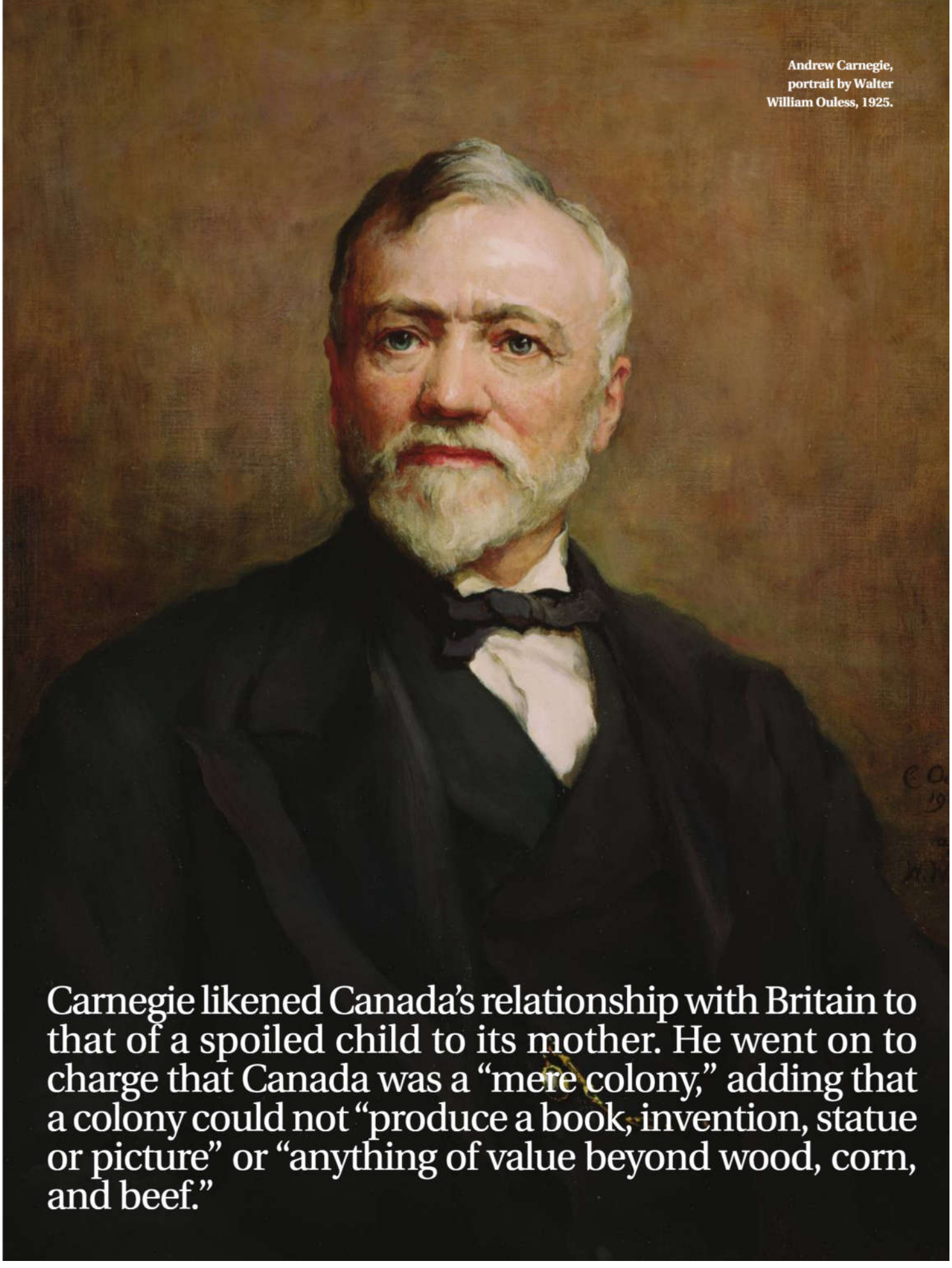
Tact, obviously, was not his strong point. Deeply offended, Sydney, Nova Scotia's Mayor Wallace Richardson immediately announced he would decline Carnegie's $15,000 offer for a library. "I do not think the citizens of Sydney should accept donations from Andrew Carnegie or any other man that would throw slurs upon Canada, her institutions and her industries," he declared.

Carnegie was quick to backtrack, saying he did not remember using the word 'mirage' and adding that it was "totally inapplicable. I have the warmest feeling for Canada. The best thing I know about Canada is that it is mostly Scotch."



His words did little to cool sentiments in Toronto, where Carnegie had offered $400,000 for a main library and seven branches. It was a lot of money. But, as the *Toronto Globe* noted, "There is a feeling against accepting it from one who was represented as holding Canadians in such poor esteem."

THE BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY



Andrew Carnegie, portrait by Walter William Ouless, 1925.

Carnegie likened Canada's relationship with Britain to that of a spoiled child to its mother. He went on to charge that Canada was a "mere colony," adding that a colony could not "produce a book, invention, statue or picture" or "anything of value beyond wood, corn, and beef."

In 1911, a Quebec publication attacked Carnegie for offering to supplement needy teachers' salaries, prompting *Saturday Night* magazine to leap to his defence. "A millionaire's lot is not an easy one," the magazine sympathized.

with other British newspapers, Carnegie reiterated his view that "Canada's only chance of a future is to throw her lot with the Americans."

Toronto officials did end up accepting the money, but as the *Toronto World* put it: "There is a strong feeling in some quarters that it would be humiliating for a large city of wealth and refinement to be placed in the position of begging for a share of the Steel King's millions."

The next two years passed quietly. Then, in June 1905, the *Canadian Magazine of Politics, Science, Art and Literature* blasted Carnegie in an editorial attacking "Millionaires' Gifts."

"It should not be necessary that the growth of public libraries be dependent upon the caprices of Carnegie. ... Andrew Carnegie is the modern repre-

CANADA'S CARNEGIE

Andrew Carnegie's passion for libraries knew no boundaries — literally. tycoon funded more than 2,500 libraries around the world, including of Carnegie's Canadian libraries — some of which may be located in

Carnegie quickly reacted, with a letter to the *Globe* published on page one on June 15, 1903. In it, Carnegie explained how his "free and unrestrained" remarks to the *Ironmonger* were meant to be off the record: "The distortions, omissions, and additions, as the sketcher remembered a private conversation, made a travesty of what was really said and how it was intended.... No one can exclaim more sincerely, 'The Maple Leaf Forever.'"

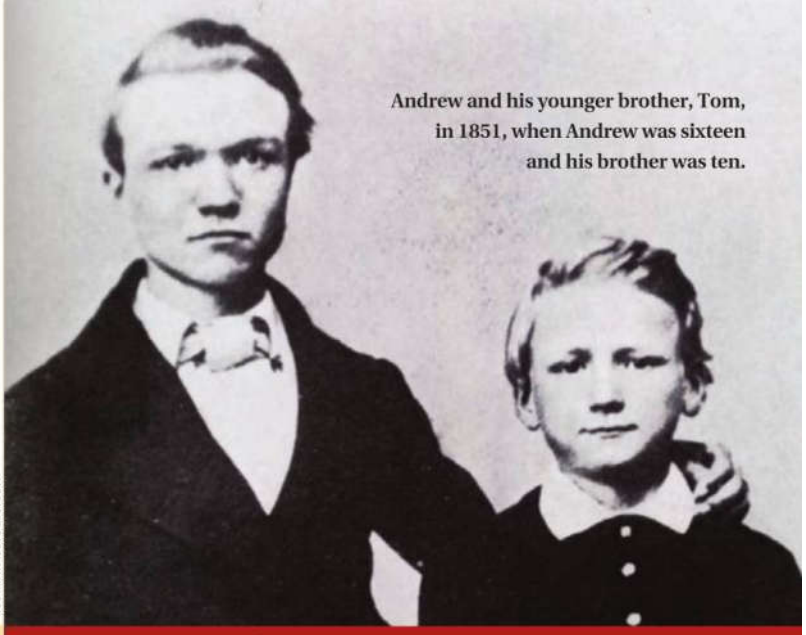
For its part, the *Ironmonger* stood by its story. And Canadians reacted with considerable skepticism, since in other interviews around the same time

sentative of the buccaneers of the Middle Ages."

Yet, in 1906, this "buccaneer" was basking in lavish praise as he officially opened some of the many Canadian libraries he had funded. In Toronto, where he began his Canadian tour on April 27, it was a lovefest. If he had thought his critics churlishly unappreciative of his library philanthropy, Carnegie did not say so. He confined his remarks in a speech to the Canadian Club to world peace — his latest cause — and complimented Canada. "We all rejoice in your prosperity. Let me congratulate you upon it. Long may it continue! ... We are as brothers on the same continent."

Torontonians were charmed. The Canadian Club serenaded him with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The *Globe* gushed that he "seemed as happy and cheerful as a young man of twenty-one on the celebration of his attainment" and remarked on the simplicity of his clothes. "A more modestly attired man is seldom seen among those who control commercial and financial activities."

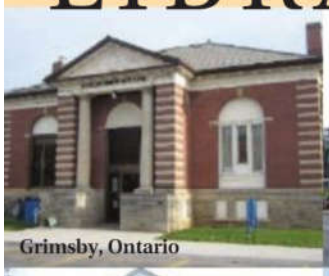
In Ottawa, where Carnegie formally opened a new library for which he had given $115,000 in 1901, he was similarly lauded. Everyone conveniently forgot that in 1901 the *Ottawa Evening Journal* had devoted considerable space to biting criticism by J.W. Patterson, a long-time labour organizer. "Here is a city going in a snivelling way, hat in hand, and begging of an alien millionaire, one whose fortune has been built on the ruins of many others, for money to start a library for its citizens. Could anything be more abject?"



Andrew and his younger brother, Tom, in 1851, when Andrew was sixteen and his brother was ten.

MARGARET BARCLAY WILSON

LIBRARIES



Grimsby, Ontario

Hamilton, Ontario

Shelburne, Ontario

Victoria, British Columbia

Between 1883 and 1929, the steel 125 in Canada. Here are examples a neighbourhood near you.

As Carnegie continued his library philanthropy in Canada — which he also did in the United States, the United Kingdom, and other English-speaking countries — protests died down. In March 1909, when the *Orillia Weekly Times* in Ontario invited readers to

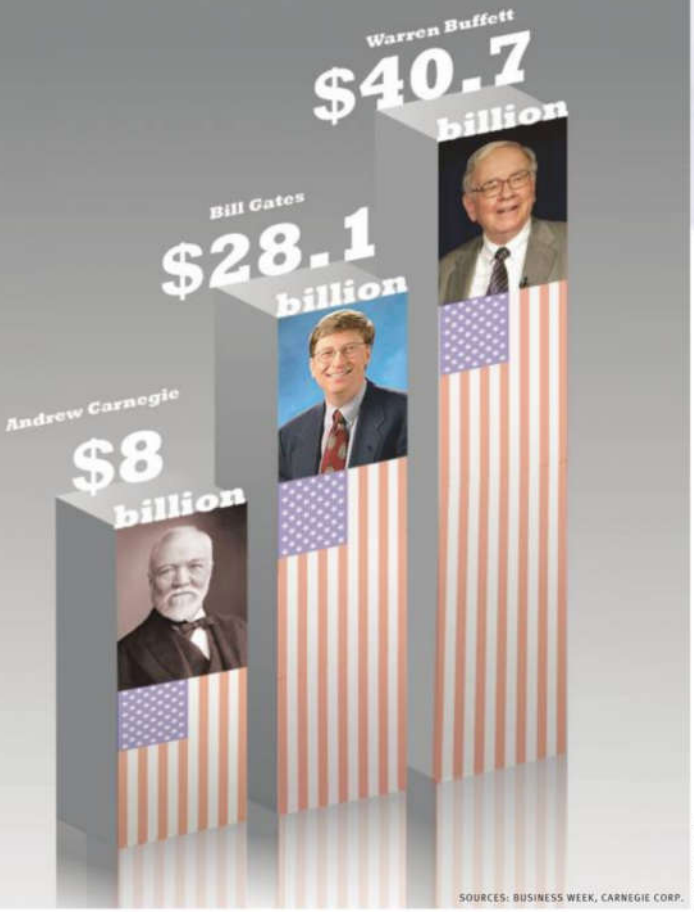
MAN OF STEEL

Andrew Carnegie, the man whose name is attached to libraries and charitable foundations around the world, is often seen as a contradiction — a ruthless industrialist who cut his workers' wages, yet a generous philanthropist who sought to help the workingman. A tiny, impish man who barely stood five-foot-two, Carnegie was a larger-than-life American success story:

- Born in Dunfermline, Scotland, on November 25, 1835, Carnegie immigrates to the United States in 1848 with his parents and brother. They settle in Allegheny City near Pittsburgh, where thirteen-year-old Andrew starts work at a textile mill.
- Determined to educate himself, Carnegie makes use of the personal library of Colonel James Anderson, who allows working boys to borrow his books. The colonel's generosity influences Carnegie's funding of libraries later in life.
- In 1853, Carnegie takes a job at the Pennsylvania Railway. Two years later, at age twenty, he purchases his first shares in the stock market. He is a millionaire by age thirty-five and eventually buys his own steel mills.
- Highly competitive and with an affinity for cost cutting, Carnegie is often criticized for strikebreaking, union-busting, and wage-cutting. Yet at the same time he publicly supports workers' rights to form unions. He proclaims, in *The Gospel of Wealth*, published in 1889, that it is the moral duty of the rich to use their wealth for the common good.
- In 1892, violence breaks out during the Homestead Strike at Carnegie Steel and at least ten die. Carnegie supports the tactics of his manager but later in life, in his autobiography, maintains the incident wounded him deeply.
- Carnegie was intensely devoted to his mother and waits until a year after her death to marry Louise Whitfield, a woman nineteen years his junior who he has been courting for many years. They have one daughter, Margaret.
- In 1901, at age sixty-five, he sells the Carnegie Steel Company to J. P. Morgan for $480 million (close to $11 billion in today's dollars) and devotes the rest of his life to his philanthropic activities and writing.
- He also establishes numerous charitable foundations and campaigns for world peace.
- He dies on August 15, 1919.

Donors Then and Now

Andrew Carnegie was the first of a number of modern-day American philanthropists to share his wealth with Canadians. Contemporary American billionaires, such as Warren Buffett and Bill Gates, also direct gifts to Canada. The graph below compares their total lifetime donations in today's dollar values. When their gifts are expressed as a percentage of net worth, Carnegie gave as much as Buffett — 78 per cent — while Gates has given 48 per cent.



react to Carnegie's $13,500 library donation, it received only three letters — two for and one against.

But just as it seemed Carnegie had put controversy behind him, *L'Action Sociale*, a publication of Quebec's Roman Catholic Church, in 1911 dredged up old issues while criticizing Carnegie's latest philanthropic enterprise, an offer to supplement the salaries of needy teachers in public schools.

"That notorious millionaire, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, feels a desire to vary the form of his largesse — which some have called restitution," the paper fumed. "His proffered libraries were already so many traps laid for populations madly dazzled by apparent generosity. But the millionaire wanted to take a long step forward by investing his fortune in a scheme for the dechristianization of the schools."

This outburst prompted *Saturday Night* magazine to leap to Carnegie's defence. "A millionaire's lot is not an easy one," it sympathized in an editorial. "Once upon a time Andrew Carnegie proposed giving Montreal a public library…. The Roman Catholic authorities would not hear of a library in which they would be unable to pick and choose the library output. The result was that Montreal was obliged to decline his offer and that city today has not a library worthy of the name."

MICHEL GROLEAU

There were other reasons, too, for communities rejecting Carnegie's library philanthropy. In 1914, Welland, Ontario, turned down $20,000 for a library when the Trades and Labour Council objected that "the Carnegie money was accumulated through the blood of the workers and our town should not be stained by any erection paid by blood money."

Some communities complained that they couldn't afford the upkeep. *The Daily Klondike Nugget* editorialized about Carnegie's $25,000 in 1902 for Dawson's library: "The offer is certainly generous. … But the maintenance of the building itself would amount to a larger sum than $3,500 a year."

Saskatoon, "the fastest growing city in the world," as it advertised itself, rejected his $30,000 in 1912 as "inadequate for so splendid a city."

As for Stratford, the *Stratford Evening Herald* editorialized three days after Reverend Going's fiery sermon that "we are not likely to be capricious enough to cut off our noses to spite our face." Yet Going would not be silenced. He spiritedly defended himself in a letter to the editor, published February 8, 1902: "I am a Canadian. I'm not a great man, but I want it understood that a colony has produced one man who spurns his proffered gold and who would feel himself less a man if he did not say so."

His negative view almost prevailed. The vote to accept Carnegie's gift squeaked through Stratford's council by one vote, indicating a divided community. The Stratford Public Library was opened in 1903 and — like many Carnegie libraries across Canada — remains standing today.

Susan Goldenberg is the author of several books and has written for newspapers in Canada and the United States.

Et Cetera

Triumphant Democracy by Andrew Carnegie, Cosimo Classics, New York, 2005 (first published in 1886).

Andrew Carnegie by David Nasaw, Penguin Books, New York, 2006.

Rockefeller, Carnegie and Canada: American Philanthropy and the Arts and Letters in Canada by Jeffrey D. Brison, McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2005.

Charles Bedaux repairing a rifle during the 1934 expedition.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES/NA-1040-9

CHAMPAGNE SAFARI

Eccentric millionaire Charles Bedaux's chaotic attempt to cross the Rockies by tractor was but one chapter in a strange, paradoxical life. by Peter Unwin

It was a crazy plan that ended badly. And ten years later, the man behind it — arguably part-genius and part-lunatic — came to an ignoble end. The "Bedaux Canadian subarctic expedition" has been described as one of the strangest journeys in the history of modern exploration.

The brainchild of Charles Bedaux, a French-born naturalized American millionaire, it centred on an implausible scheme to drive five Citroën half-tracks and fifteen tonnes of supplies — including bottles of champagne and candied fruits — through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, following a trail that had not been attempted since Alexander Mackenzie in 1793.

It was essentially an attempt to cross some of the roughest terrain on earth by tractor.

Bedaux unveiled his proposed voyage to an assembly of Canadian officials on May 25, 1934. At the time, Bedaux was riding high on a reputation as a hugely successful entrepreneur and efficiency expert. Newspapers clamoured to report details of the famed millionare's trip.

Bedaux was to be accompanied by an eclectic entourage that included: his wife, Fern; an Italian countess thought to be his mistress; an Academy-award winning Hollywood cameraman; a Swiss skiing instructor; a host of wranglers and cowboys; a dental student; an unemployed bush pilot; guides; geologists; and a British Columbia provincial surveyor.

The aim of the amateur explorers was to traverse not only the Rockies, but the Stikine Mountains — a twenty-four-hundred-kilometre journey from Edmonton to Telegraph Creek, British Columbia, and ending at the Pacific Ocean. Half of the journey was to take the expedition through roadless and unmapped territory,

using five Citroën half-track trucks imported from France, and backed up by a hundred ill-fated pack horses.

On July 6, 1934, Bedaux and his troupe gathered for a champagne breakfast at Edmonton's MacDonald Hotel and a hearty sendoff by the lieutenant governor. Then Bedaux's party, including two limousines, set out in pouring rain down Jasper Avenue on the first leg of the journey — an eight-hundred-kilometre haul across mud roads to Fort St. John, B.C. Within three weeks, they had passed through the Alberta communities of Athabasca and Grande Prairie, then into British Columbia and the town of Dawson Creek, eventually cutting north to Fort St. John and then Montney, the last outpost on a trail cut by Depression relief gangs. They were literally at the end of the road.

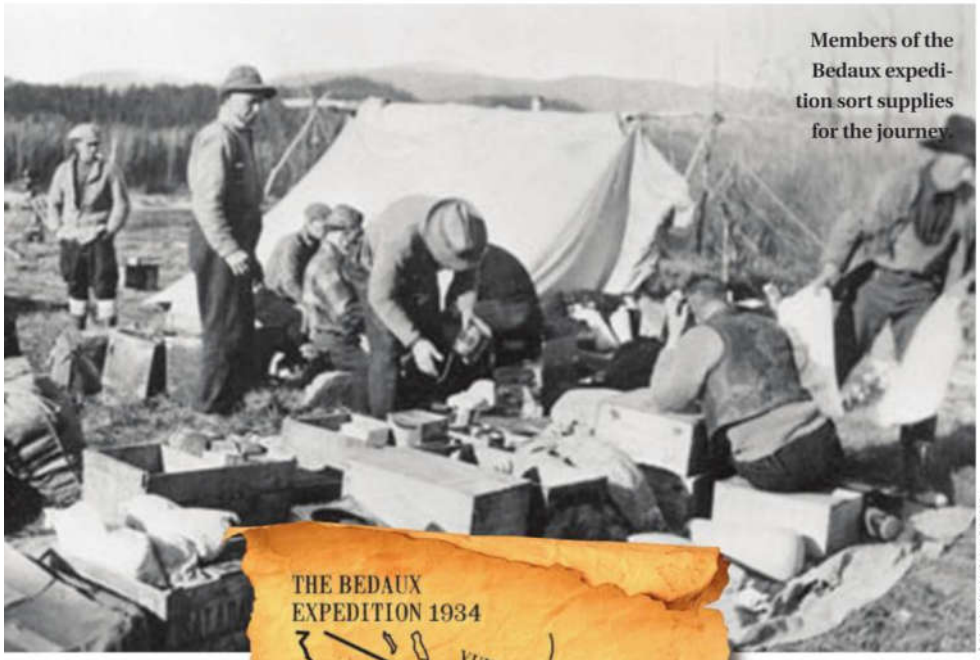
From here on, they were faced with mostly untracked wilderness. Part of the purpose of the journey was to test-drive the Citroëns — all-terrain trucks with wheels in front and caterpillar tracks in the back — that had been designed by André Citroën, an acquaintance of Bedaux's. But the vehicles proved ill-suited to the task. On one particularly gruelling day, the Citroëns were hauled by block and tackle 275 metres through a swamp. The expedition, at this point, was making almost one hundred metres per hour, and to move forward at all, Bedaux's team was forced to construct corduroy log roads.

Sixty-two kilometres out from Fort St. John, the first display of tension erupted between Bedaux and his team. Bedaux fired his radio operator, a move that later commentators would denounce as inexcusable, since it meant that the provincial surveyor could no longer get a fix on a Greenwich time signal, which was necessary for his work. (Bedaux later justified the move on the grounds that the only information the operator was ever able to get from the radio was that the gangster John Dillinger had been shot dead.)

With July coming to an end, Bedaux realized that his famed state-of-the-art Citroëns were in fact useless in the mountains. Frequently stuck in quagmire, even on the best of days they were managing only nineteen kilometres per hour and consuming vast amounts of fuel in the process. A decision was made to give up on the machines — but even that was carried out in spectacular fashion, with the expedition's filmmaker, Floyd Crosby, recording the event. One caterpillar was mounted on a raft and sent downriver with the intention of filming it as it drifted into a cliff previously rigged with dynamite. However, the dynamite failed to explode and the Citroën floated downriver intact. It eventually washed up onshore and was salvaged by a local rancher, who managed to get another thirty years of service from it. Two other Citroëns were pushed off of cliffs and two others were simply abandoned. One of the abandoned Citroëns ended up in the Western Development Museum in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, where it remains today.

With the vehicles gone, the much-publicized Bedaux Canadian subarctic expedition now relied on the beleaguered horses. On August 4, some one hundred of the animals crossed the glacial waters of the Halfway River. The party was now in unmapped territory. The provincial surveyor, in his official capacity, promptly named a mountain after Bedaux, and a lake, Lake Fern, after Bedaux's wife. But the outlook was not good; a crippling and infectious contagion of hoof rot had broken out among the horses.

Despite these setbacks, on September 8 they managed to ford the Kwadacha River, and Bedaux broke out a case of champagne. This case of twelve bottles, one of them broken, would come to characterize the Bedaux expedition. As the story was retold, it evolved from one



Members of the Bedaux expedition sort supplies for the journey.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES/NA-1016-7

MICHEL GROLEAU

into many "cases." The inflated tale was unfailingly trotted out to prove Bedaux as a city-slicker dilettante, messing about where he didn't belong.

By the middle of September, in the face of almost unceasing rain, the decision was made to begin shooting the now exhausted horses, most of which were in desperate shape from hoof rot and hunger. By late September, the animals were being shot at the rate of two to three a day.

A month later, well short of his Telegraph Creek destination, Bedaux called it quits. But even this he treated as some kind of victory. "I am going to present a report, together with the data we gathered, to the International Highway Commission," he announced grandly. He also managed, somewhere along the line, to send a handful of Peace River mud to France to be analyzed by French scientists, an act which led an Edmonton newspaper to run the intriguing headline: "France to have Gumbo Sample."

With the sample of muck on its way, Bedaux disappeared from Canada. And this eccentric millionaire's much ballyhooed subarctic expedition sank into what has proved to be an obscure footnote, except in Canada, where the story of this elusive character and his grandiose scheme never died.

History has not been kind to Charles Bedaux. His wild escapade in the Canadian mountains has been soundly condemned as a $250,000 publicity stunt, and not even the fact that a small section of the Alaska Highway followed the Bedaux route has helped rehabilitate him.

He was, according to writer Pierre Berton, "a hateful man," not even a man, but a "creature" who possessed "all the bad qualities of a self-made millionaire." To Berton, Bedaux was "a five-foot-six egoist trying desperately and not very effectively to be noticed."

Born in Paris, France, in 1886, Bedaux emigrated to New York City at the age of nineteen, where he worked hauling sand in wheelbarrows and later as a dishwasher. From these lowly occupations, his rise was meteoric, and often unbelievable. He launched a range of unique money-making schemes and was said to have invented all manner of devices, including: a toothpaste that was supposedly capable of removing ink stains; a machine for timing the duration of telephone calls; an improved car door; and the boom microphone. He also gave esoteric public lectures, attended by agents of the War College Division of the United States War Department, who came to the conclusion that he was a German spy.

By the time he went on his disastrous Rocky Mountain trek, he was already well known for having developed an industrial efficiency system, which, at the peak of its success, was employed throughout North America, Europe, and even the Soviet Union. The Bedaux system timed employees and calculated the average rate of work based on how much was completed in an hour. Work in excess of that number earned the worker a bonus. The system made Bedaux the scourge of labour and the darling of management.

With the burgeoning success of his industrial theories, he travelled extensively, dispensing money, advice, and wild schemes. For instance, long before he dreamed of motoring across the Rockies by Citroën, he travelled to northern British Columbia to try to convince local natives to transport pitchblende — a radioactive mineral used to produce the atomic bomb — to market by canoe. And in a mysterious and incredible undertaking in 1929, Bedaux was the first man to traverse the Libyan Desert, an immense journey that served as a precursor to his Canadian subarctic expedition. He also bought a castle in France and, in 1937, invited Wallis Simpson and Edward VIII, the former king of England, to get married in it, which they did.

Truck cavalcade preparing to stop for lunch.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES/NA-1040-28

History has not been kind to Charles Bedaux.

During the Second World War, Bedaux created, and at the request of France's Vichy government, implemented in Roquefort, France, a bizarre social experiment that eliminated money, using instead a Bedaux invention called the "Bex," a standard and stable unit — at least in Bedaux's mind — that essentially would eliminate commerce. This baffling scheme was the basis of a new Bedaux economic and social philosophy, which he called "Equivalism." Bedaux's goal was to create a new world order, which he described as capitalism within the form of communism.

"I wish to go neither right or left," he stated, "I wish to go forward."

Bedaux courted the Soviets, the Greeks, the Ameri-

cans, the French, and the German High Command with equal intensity. A German sculptress did a bust of Bedaux, which was shown in an exhibit alongside busts of Adolf Hitler and Hermann Göring.

Eventually, Bedaux undertook the scheme that would destroy him — a plan to build a trans-Saharan pipeline for pumping edible peanut oil into German-occupied lands.

As American forces advanced through North Africa, Bedaux was spotted drinking brandy on a terrace with a German officer, and, on December 5, 1944, he was arrested as a collaborator by French forces. As a naturalized American, Bedaux was flown to Miami, where he stood trial for treason. On February 14, 1945, days before a verdict was delivered, he swallowed a carefully hoarded overdose of Luminal (the trade name for phenobarbital, a powerful sedative), killing himself in a room above a garage in the Miami border patrol station. In a cryptic note, Bedaux implied that powerful people made it impossible for him to tell the truth, that he was "a good, honest, deserving American." The note ended with a pledge of everlasting love to his wife.

Although there seems no doubt that Charles Bedaux committed suicide, it was the respected American journalist, Janet Flanner, who definitively buried him. Bedaux was, she stated in the *New Yorker* several months after his death, "the only American who had ever sold out his country, literally for peanuts."

On this side of the border, the story of Bedaux's Canadian expedition grew to mythic proportions. The tale has been told in magazines, biographies, and even film. Because of these writers and filmmakers, just about every odd detail of the Canadian subarctic expedition has been unearthed — from the Devonshire cream and the candied fruits, to the length of Fern Bedaux's morning toilet.

Bedaux, however, remains as inaccessible and remote as ever. He was certainly a paradox: a greedy millionaire who wanted to eliminate poverty and do away with money altogether; a fascist who dreamed of establishing a Jewish homeland in Africa; a man who started out pushing wheelbarrows in his adopted country, and ended up on trial in America for treason.

Charles Eugene Bedaux was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His lasting namesake, Mount Bedaux in northern British Columbia, ranges 2,303 metres into the sky.

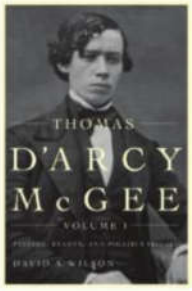
Peter Unwin is a periodic contributor to *The Beaver*. His book, *The Wolf's Head; Writing Lake Superior*, will be republished by Cormorant Books in the spring of 2008. *Hard Surface, an examination of the Canadian road*, will appear in the spring of 2009.

Et Cetera

The Price of Power : A Biography of Charles Eugene Bedaux by Jim Christy. Doubleday, New York, 1984.

The Champagne Safari, a television documentary directed by George Ungar. Field Seven Films Inc., Toronto, 1995.

HEROES and HISTORY



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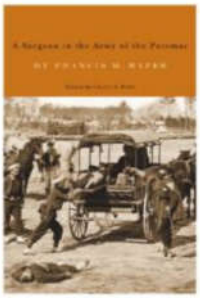

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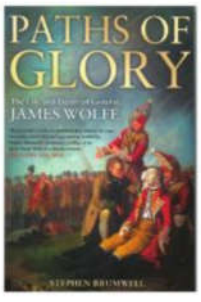

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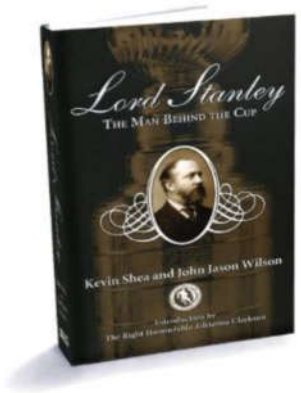


LORD OF THE ICE

Lord Stanley: The Man Behind the Cup
by Kevin Shea and John Jason Wilson
Fenn Publishing, Bolton, Ontario, 2006
457 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

If you're going to read while watching playoff hockey, it might as well be a book with a hockey connection. The hockey on television, however, was the only hockey I'd see for awhile as I dug in to *Lord Stanley: The Man Behind the Cup.*

Fred Stanley, perhaps better known as Lord Stanley of Preston, began his service as Governor General of Canada in 1888 after a not unimpressive political career in England. In his new post, he came upon a young, somewhat unconfident country in desperate need of some geographical coherence and a bit of backbone — the kind that would eventually be provided, both metaphorically and literally, by the railroad. Hockey would serve there as well.

It's argued early in the book that the Stanley family's embrace of hockey — and Lord Stanley's donation in 1893 of the cup that would bear his name — was the breath of legitimacy the game needed, a game that had previously been regarded as a trifle. Apparently, young Canada's acceptance of shinny was exactly the confidence-builder our under-armed home and native land needed in the face of an expansionist southern neighbour.

Perhaps a better title for the book would have been *Lord Stanley: The Man Who Happened to be the Man Behind the Cup.* Readers are treated to a little bit of hockey action early on, when Stanley and company attend their first games, and there is an intriguing section about the sociology of our then young country and how hockey fits in. But more could have been done to incorporate hockey and its top prize into the story (it is referred to in the subtitle, after all). For instance, we are told that on the vicereгal's first trip west he passed through Kenora and Winnipeg. Teams from these places would, in the coming years, hoist his cup in victory, and mentioning this could have reinforced the theme.

Authors Kevin Shea and John Jason Wilson instead dwell on other details that don't necessarily advance the story. In the chapter "1888," slavish detail is paid to Stanley and his entourage touring the late-summer exhibition circuit, and it reads like little more than a 120-year-old press release. The chapter ultimately redeems itself, however, with details of the debate regarding Stanley's alleged vocal presence on an early Edison wax cylinder.

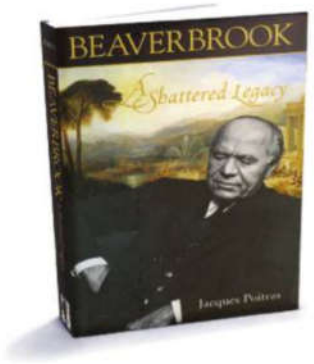
It is at about this point that the voice of Lady Stanley provides some welcome relief. Like the catty, kooky neighbour in a television sitcom, she becomes the most anticipated character in the book. Lady Stanley is forever comparing various people to corpses or being bored with official receptions. "Reception in the afternoon and was a dreadful failure," reads one typical passage, having to do with their time in Regina. "We waited patiently for an hour and shook hands with about twenty people, much to the horror of the lieutenant governor's wife Mrs. Madam Royal, who told us they never 'give the hand.' The consequence is that they are not liked." Ultimately, one gets a better sense of Lady Stanley than of her distant, though affable husband.

As any hockey fan will tell you, a game is as good as its flow. In many stretches of the book, there are several breaks per page, with some sections consisting of a mere paragraph before the page is broken up again. The effect is like attending a game with too many referee whistles — all it would have taken was a little work in the corners to keep the play moving.

Ultimately, it's hard to go wrong when you have chapters like "Narrow Escape from a Watery Grave." And the authors provide some interesting material on the cup itself. (Strangely, though, much of this is left for the epilogue.)

As with official royal business, the most interesting part often takes place once the speeches are over. The images of Lord Stanley tobogganing or cheering on his Rideau Rebels, for instance, are worth more to the reader than anything he said at any official function. You have to think he would have made a fine Ottawa Senators fan.

Reviewed by **Jim Chliboyko**, who shoots left and writes right in Winnipeg.



NOT A PRETTY PICTURE

Beaverbrook: A Shattered Legacy
by Jacques Poitras
Goose Lane, Fredericton, 2007
317 pp., illus., $35 hardcover

This page-turner of a book explores the background of what is fast becoming a legendary battle between the Beaverbrook Art Gallery and Beaverbrook foundations

in the United Kingdom and Canada. In dispute are over 200 artworks reputedly gifted by the first Lord Beaverbrook, Max Aitken, to the gallery he founded in Fredericton in 1959.

Beaverbrook: A Shattered Legacy has all the virtues of a great mystery novel. Written by CBC Radio journalist Jacques Poitras, who is himself an accomplished sleuth, the book has a complicated plot with unexpected twists and turns, a cast of eccentric characters and an arbitration hearing in which the evidence on both sides of the dispute with the Beaverbrook UK Foundation is dramatically revealed.

At first glance, the villains seem to be the two grandsons of the first Lord Beaverbrook: Maxwell Aitken, who chairs the U.K. foundation, and his cousin Timothy Aitken, who handles the Canadian operations. In casting for villains, Timothy fits the role perfectly. Indeed, his comments on CBC Radio and in the local press, in which he railed against the gallery's directors, the city of Fredericton, and the province of New Brunswick, provide ample evidence of why Maxwell issued the warning that "you don't want to deal with my cousin." Timothy Aitken is clearly a man who likes to get his own way.

In this, he is like his famous grandfather, who rose from the obscurity of a Presbyterian manse in Newcastle, New Brunswick, to become one of Canada's most successful financiers. Having secured his fortune, the first Max Aitken promptly departed for London, where he dabbled in politics, was elevated to the peerage as Lord Beaverbrook, established a newspaper empire, helped to coordinate Britain's aircraft industry in the Second World War, and then sought immortality in his almost-native province (he was born in Ontario) by, among other things, building an art gallery in Fredericton.

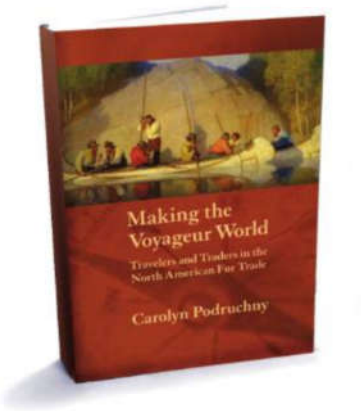
Poitras positions his narrative around the 2006 arbitration hearing relating to the U.K. foundation's case, and then moves back in time to the context in which those running the Beaverbrook foundations came to believe they had the right to sell paintings held by the Beaverbrook Art Gallery. Since the controversy is rooted in the decisions and practices of the first Lord Beaverbrook — the real villain of the piece, according to Poitras — the emphasis on his legacy is well placed.

It was Beaverbrook's efforts to control "his" gallery that helped produce the legal muddle that bedevils those trying to sort out the competing claims. Acting in his own interests rather than those of the gallery, Beaverbrook sowed the seeds that eventually shattered the legacy he had hoped to establish. Rather than lamenting this outcome, Poitras applauds it, concluding that the deference many people in New Brunswick accorded to Lord and Lady Beaverbrook (plenty of evidence is provided of forelock-tugging among Beaverbrook's New Brunswick serfs) was unworthy of a free people.

Poitras is cautious in drawing a final conclusion about ownership of the artworks, perhaps because an appeal is pending on the arbitration judgment that awarded the gallery most of the works in dispute, including hugely valuable paintings by Lucian Freud and J.M.W. Turner that the U.K. foundation planned to sell to support its operations. Poitras may also be reluctant to invoke the ire of New Brunswickers (and art gallery boards across the country, who are watching this case closely) by giving too much credit to the grandsons. He nevertheless makes it clear that the gallery board and staff should have been more vigilant in their stewardship over the years.

Anyone even remotely interested in this topic — or in tracing the parallels between Lord Beaverbrook and another Canadian-born peer who made a name for himself as a newspaper baron and has a purposeful wife — will enjoy this well researched and fast-paced book. My only concern is that Poitras lets Maxwell and Timothy Aitken off a little too easily. I like my villains, even if they are not judged to be the primary culprits, straight-up.

Reviewed by **Margaret Conrad**, Canada Research Chair in Atlantic Canada Studies, University of New Brunswick.



WHEN THE FUR FLEW

Making the Voyageur World: Travelers and Traders in the North American Fur Trade
by Carolyn Podruchny
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2006
416 pp., illus., $29.95 paper

Without question, *Making the Voyageur World* is prodigiously researched. To capture the nuances of fur trade life as experienced by some of its most crucial, most celebrated, yet perhaps least understood participants, Carolyn Podruchny consulted so many sources that her bibliography fills nearly twenty-six pages. Students of

the fur trade will likely find this, along with the book's index and its sixty pages of endnotes, useful research tools. Whether those same researchers will wish to wade through the 308-page text on the French Canadians who manned the lower echelons of the Montreal-based fur companies and, later, the Hudson's Bay Company, is another question.

Now an assistant professor of history at Toronto's York University, Podruchny writes that her interest in voyageurs "began with a desire to contribute to the history of plebeian peoples who did not leave a documentary record yet who had a significant impact on the social and cultural landscape of early North America." She pursued this interest through a doctoral dissertation at the University of Toronto, which has now been published in book form.

Her original intention was to paint a picture of the voyageurs, also known as *engagés* or servants, with information gathered through their own writings. However, since they were almost without exception illiterate, this proved an impossible task. Podruchny notes that she was able to locate only sixteen letters written from friends and family to voyageurs, and just one actually written by (or perhaps ghost-written for) a voyageur, to his wife. She was therefore forced to rely upon secondary sources, just like others who have written about these workhorses of the fur trade.

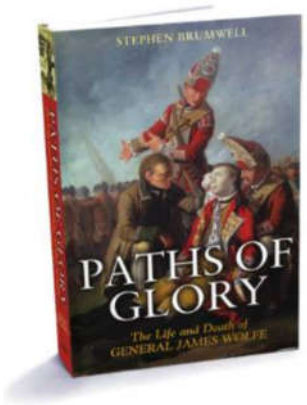
As anyone familiar with this crucial part of North American history can confirm, and as Podruchny herself admits, portraits of voyageurs are not in short supply. Starting with their immediate superiors in the various fur companies, and continuing with writers and painters from the mid-nineteenth century to the present, many have attempted to portray the lives and work of voyageurs. The result, writes Podruchny, is that they "have a highly visible reputation, building the Canadian nation with their Herculean strength, while singing, laughing, leaping over waterfalls, and paddling faster than speeding arrows." Yet, she contends, these portraits have both "idolized and simplified" the reality. "Despite their highly visible profile in popular culture and history, voyageurs have received little scholarly attention."

Podruchny set out to rectify this omission. Beginning with their social background in French Canada, she looked at many aspects of life for fur trade *engagés* — from their rites of passage and dealings with their superiors, to life at inland posts and their friendships and relationships. Unfortunately, the result is disappointing — largely due to a lack of internal organization and a dearth of editing, but also due to the author's pedantic writing style. Her fondness for the passive voice and her abrupt cadence might have suited a doctoral dissertation, but these rhetorical devices greatly detract from the book's readability.

Rather than introducing a particular aspect of a subject and dealing with it comprehensively in a given chapter, Podruchny repeatedly raises ideas, begins to address them, and then moves on, only to return to them pages (or chapters) later. Even her abundance of footnotes — on some pages more than three-quarters of the sentences are footnoted — results in confusion for the reader.

In short, since much of Podruchny's information is not new, and her focus on the voyageurs is necessarily arm's-length, *Making the Voyageur World* could have been half as long and twice as interesting, given more attention by editors.

Reviewed by **Barbara Huck**, who is an award-winning author and editor. Among her many books is the national bestseller *Exploring the Fur Trade Routes of North America*.



SPOILS OF VICTORY

Paths of Glory: The Life and Death of General James Wolfe
by Stephen Brumwell
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2007
432 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

History can be fickle. Take Samuel de Champlain, for example. Four centuries after the French explorer founded Quebec City, his remains a household name in Canada. His image and spirit will be widely feted this year, as Quebec City celebrates its 400th birthday.

Now compare his fate to that of James Wolfe, the 32-year-old British major-general who masterminded the defeat of the French at the Plains of Abraham and died while he was at it. Despite contributing at least as much to the course of events in this country, Wolfe and his achievement are as little celebrated on these shores as they are in his native England.

Wolfe's victory marked a major turning point in history. It thwarted France's colonial ambitions in America, bolstered British international supremacy, and inadvertently paved the way to the American Revolution.

Yet, as writer Stephen Brumwell notes in his stirring biography of Wolfe, "visitors to Quebec must search long and far for concrete evidence that the siege of 1759 yielded a British success."

Reviews

In *Paths of Glory*, Brumwell explores the reasons behind Wolfe's latter-day obscurity. The author, whose previous books include *Redcoats and White Devil*, nearly waxes sentimental when he declares that Wolfe "no less than Horatio Nelson, merits the 'immortal memory.'"

Despite being a self-described "independent historian working outside the academic mainstream," the author is fastidious with his material, which abounds with primary resources, archival documents (many of them stored in Canada), Wolfe's "direct and forceful" official correspondences, informal letters to his mother, the correspondence of his contemporaries (some of which, the author says, are published here for the first time), and works of commemorative art.

Wolfe's reputation enjoyed better days for the century or so after his death. His victory over General Montcalm was at first regaled in story and song. He was immortalized in *The Death of General Wolfe*, Benjamin West's breathtaking painting, which, Brumwell writes, "shaped the enduring popular perception of Wolfe as imperial martyr, and indeed fired the young Horatio Nelson to emulate him."

That's not to say the commander is entirely spared by the author. Wolfe's imperfections are underscored early in the timeline of this story, when he appears to be complicit in an unjust looting in Scotland. But for all his flaws, Wolfe comes across as his father's good son, a paragon of an officer, and a paternal figure to the men under his command.

The publishers are billing this as the first full-length biography to appear on Wolfe in half a century. It is also a portrait of "rough and lawless" Georgian England and the British army while it was coming of age. However, the story never strays far from Wolfe himself. We learn of his hobbies, his temperament, his family and education, his burning ambition and accelerated career. We learn of his love and heartbreak, his moral and carnal lapses, the wounds he earned fighting, and his physical and emotional problems.

Besides exploring the many challenges Wolfe faced upon the St. Lawrence, Brumwell takes particular aim at the French-Canadian historians who have accused the general of needless cruelty, particularly in the destruction of an estimated 1,400 farmhouses and the dispersal of many rural settlements. He shows that, when French guerrilla tactics were at their fiercest during the summer of 1759, Wolfe reissued an earlier directive that women and children were "not to be molested on any account whatsoever." Claims that Wolfe or his men did otherwise are mere speculation, Brumwell writes.

In the end, Wolfe's legacy to the people of Britain and throughout the Empire, "outlasted not only the loss of America [to subsequent revolution], but also the victorious climactic bout of the 'Second Hundred Years War' — the titanic and protracted struggle against Revolutionary and Napoleonic France."

Wolfe's immense deeds continue to echo to this day. Perhaps he deserves a little celebration, too.

Reviewed by **J.D. Gravenor**, a Montreal-based freelance writer and translator, and co-author of *Montreal: The Unknown City*.

MORE BOOKS

John A.: The Man Who Made Us
Volume One: 1815–1867
by Richard Gwyn
Random House Canada,
Toronto, 2007
528 pp., $37 hardcover

A copy of *John A.* belongs in every Canadian household. For the fifty-four per cent of Canadians who have no idea who John A. Macdonald is, Richard Gwyn provides an accessible and intriguing crash course into the life and times of our first prime minister. For the rest, Gwyn's political insights and painstaking research and analysis provide an intimate and detailed portrait of the man he convincingly describes as Canada's first great political leader.

As with Donald Creighton's two-volume biography published in 1952, volume I of Gwyn's *John A.* spans the period from Macdonald's arrival in Canada in 1815 to Confederation in 1867. Appropriately, fully half of the book is devoted to a very thorough account of the pre-Confederation negotiations and intrigues between 1860 and 1867.

Gwyn's easy writing style helps readers connect the past with the present, and provokes an irresistible urge to compare Macdonald's mastery of minority coalitions, issues management, and consensus-building with the skills of today's leadership. The book uses wit and sometimes not-so-gentle irony to underscore those things that have not changed over time: the universal dissing of Ottawa; the ongoing challenges of accommodating Canada's divergent linguistic and regional interests within a national agenda; and the unique ability of Canadians to define themselves by what they are not, rather than by who they are.

Although the book offers many insights into the tragedies of Macdonald's personal life, Gwyn's John A. remains above all pragmatic, methodical, and calculating. But far from diminishing the legend of Macdonald as the passionate "Father of Confederation," Gwyn's approach reveals his quintessentially cool Canadian qualities, thereby affirming him as the man who made us.

— D. M.

Sisters in Two Worlds: A Visual Biography of Susanna Moodie and Catharine Parr Traill
by Michael Peterman
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2007
176 pp., illus.,
$45 hardcover

Sisters in Two Worlds follows the remarkable lives of two sisters who literally wrote the book on early Canadian pioneer women's history. Michael Peterman is Canada's foremost scholar on Susanna Moodie and Catharine Parr Traill, and his latest book contains over two hundred images, many never before published.

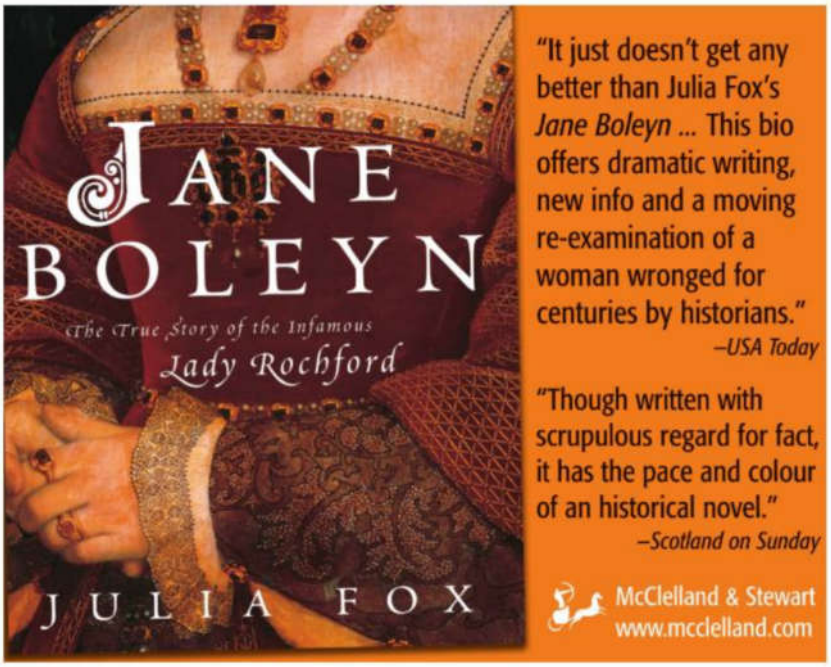
Their story begins in the genteel English country estate where the sisters were raised and moves to the untamed wilderness of Upper Canada, where they struggled with hard winters, illness, childbirth, backbreaking labour, and the looming threat of poverty.

The chronicles of their experiences — Moodie's *Roughing it in the Bush* and Traill's *The Backwoods of Canada* — have become classics of Canadian historical literature.

Peterman weaves in the protagonists' sometimes rocky relationships with their other sisters back in England — Eliza, Agnes, Jane Margaret, and Sarah. All but Sarah became published writers, with Agnes gaining fame and fortune as a celebrated royal biographer. However, Agnes was furious when Susanna dedicated *Roughing it* to her — she did not want to be associated with a book about the coarse and common inhabitants of the Canadian backwoods.

This artfully illustrated book is a must for Moodie/Traill enthusiasts.

— N.O.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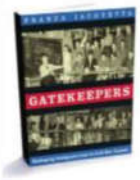
Reviews



Gatekeepers:
Reshaping Immigrant Lives in Cold War Canada
by Franca Iacovetta
Between the Lines,
Toronto, 2006
384 pp., illus., $34.95 paperback

Examining media reports, government policy documents, and personal accounts from both citizens and newcomers, Franca Iacovetta's *Gatekeepers* explores issues stemming from immigration to Canada during the Cold War. In particular, Iacovetta investigates the role gatekeepers played in shaping new immigrants to "Canadian standards."

These gatekeepers included social workers, citizenship officials, and community lobbyists, as well as church, political, and women's groups. They pushed postwar immigrants into the Canadian mainstream via the press, political parties, sports, food, and family structures.

The richness of this book lies in its analysis of rarely documented details of Canadian life during the Cold War, particularly among displaced persons from Eastern Europe. Iacovetta's accounts of how immigrants were steered toward more liberal Western notions of democracy, and away from the "threatening and undesirable ways" of Communism, reveal much about official discourse and policy during this period.

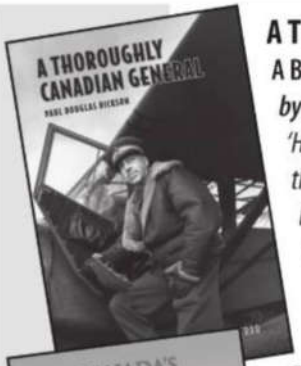
Gatekeepers is a valuable resource regarding the history of anti-communism in Canada, postwar ethnicity, the roots of state-sanctioned multiculturalism, and the effects of forced assimilation.

— C.W.

Portrait in Light and Shadow:
The Life of Yousuf Karsh
by Maria Tippett
House of Anansi Press,
Toronto, 2007
427 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

Many Canadians are familiar with Yousuf Karsh's iconic black-and-white portraits, but most know little about the man behind the camera. Maria Tippett fills that void with her engaging biography of the legendary Ottawa photographer.

One of Canada's leading cultural historians, Tippett had the support of Karsh's family, and many details are widely revealed for the first time. For instance, how many people knew that the photographer started life in Canada as Joe Karsh? Tippett assesses the entire range of Karsh's work over his long career. Her discussion of the cele-



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Dean Oliver, *Canadian War Museum*
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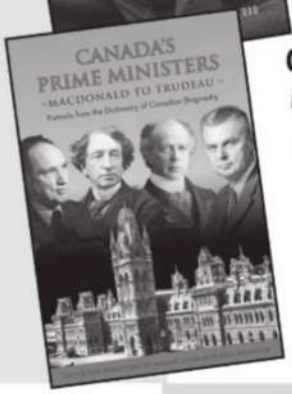

CANADA'S PRIME MINISTERS
Macdonald to Trudeau
Portraits from the Dictionary of Canadian Biography
Edited by Ramsay Cook and Réal Bélanger
The biographies of fifteen Canadian prime ministers are here brought together for the first time. These vividly presented stories, full of challenges, victories, and failures, are told with skill and understanding. Presented through the lives of leading politicians, this is a remarkable, engrossing, solidly documented account of the history of modern Canada.
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Assembling Generator at Westinghouse Plant, by Yousuf Karsh, 1953.

brated 1941 Winston Churchill portrait is particularly good, as is her examination of Karsh's lesser-known commercial photography.

Portrait in Light and Shadow includes photos of dozens of Karsh's most famous subjects — from Grey Owl to Trudeau, from Einstein, to Khrushchev, to Bill and Hillary Clinton. Yet the book includes virtually no studio portraits of Karsh's regular Ottawa clientele, the people who kept him busy when he wasn't photographing famous personalities. A few examples could have given a more balanced impression of the photographer's work.

Nonetheless, Tippett's book is well researched and the selected photographs are superb. She sheds light on a remarkable Canadian whose name is synonymous with photographic excellence.

— Gavin Murphy

Frontier Farewell: The 1870s and the End of the Old West
by Garrett Wilson
Canadian Plains Research Center, Regina, 2007
525 pp., illus., $29.95 paperback

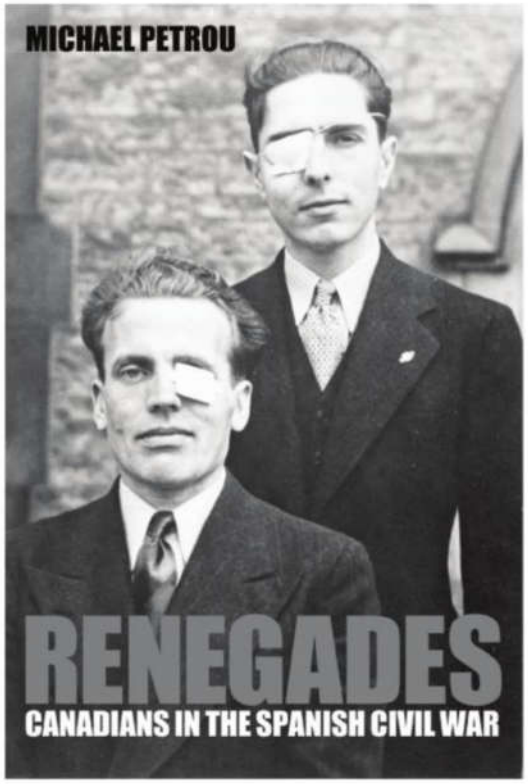
Garrett Wilson's *Frontier Farewell: The 1870s and the End of the Old West* is a thought-provoking lament on a tumultuous period from Canada's past. It's also a great read that shatters the mythology surrounding the "taming" of the West while breathing new life into epic events that helped shape our nation.

During the late 1800s, European diseases swept like prairie fire across the West, decimating entire aboriginal populations. Millions upon millions of buffalo were slaughtered to near extinction, with starvation and ruin following for many of the First Nations that depended upon the animal for survival.

From the roots of the Red River Rebellion to the long march west by the Northwest Mounted Police, Wilson weaves fact and narrative into a compelling tale of Canada's expansion into the West — a story that has somehow been marginalized and even forgotten over the past century.

— M.R.

Books reviewed and advertised in *The Beaver* as well as other terrific Canadian history titles are available from the History Society Book Club at thebeaver.ca.



Renegades
Canadians in the Spanish Civil War
Michael Petrou

The best and most complete account of Canadians in the Spanish Civil War we are ever likely to get.
– J.L. Granatstein, author of *Canada's Army: Waging War and Keeping the Peace*

Not until the Cold War was over could Michael Petrou get us the fascinating details of who and what and why so many Canadians struggled and died in a war the democracies made it easy for General Franco to win.
– Desmond Morton, author of *A Military History of Canada*

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Christopher Moore

Genealogy gets its groove on

Researching the family tree has never been easier, or more popular, thanks in part to new technologies.

Barbara Sears, once Pierre Berton's "best-in-the business" research associate, has in recent years become quietly essential to scores of film and television projects about Canadian history — and she knows the field. "History on film," she says, "used to be all about talking heads and stock footage. Now it's about celebrities and new ways of telling stories."

As evidence, she points to not one but two national television programs that are dedicated to exploring peoples' family histories. Suddenly, genealogy is fashionable.

Sears helps make CBC's *Who Do You Think You Are?* (based on a breakout BBC hit). It starts with homegrown Canadian celebrities — from singer Chantal Kreviazuk to retired Major-General Lewis Mackenzie — and then draws the subjects (and the viewers) into their often-surprising ancestries.

I find that connecting people we know with things they never knew about themselves can be irresistible history: Just watch the charming young singer Measha Brueggergosman fight back tears over a 1783 document that records her five-month-old ancestor, the child of escaped slaves, as "born free."

"Storytelling is the heart of the appeal," says series producer Janice Tufford. "It's a bit of a reality-show hybrid."

Over at History Television, the genealogy show is *Ancestors in the Attic*. It invites ordinary Canadians to pose questions from their own family histories, and then zooms off to unlock the answers in gleaming archives and moody graveyards around the world.

The only celebrities in *Ancestors* are its never-fail panel of genealogists. Instead of famous people, the program at first offered storytelling flash. Host Jeff Douglas and his camera leaped around each other at a head-snapping pace, suggesting music video more than History Television's usual fare of Panzers rolling across Poland. But the producers' confidence in the show's inherent appeal is growing. "We did take it down a notch in the second season," series producers told me recently.

COURTESY HISTORY TELEVISION

History Television's popular show *Ancestors in the Attic* is evidence of the public's growing interest in genealogy.

Ancestors in the Attic works for me; I find it entertaining — and sometimes moving. History Television's commissioning producer Michael Kot says, "I wanted stories of ordinary people. And I wanted ways to help people who could not do their own searches." *Ancestors* now gets floods of requests from exactly those people, "from all over the country," says producer Dugald Maudsley, "from a wide range of ages, and more and more from Chinese-Canadians, Japanese-Canadians, Ukrainians. We're getting away from that Anglo-Scottish-Irish idea of Canada and of genealogy."

I would say the show's youthful enthusiasm works, too. "Genealogy is most often done by people who are older," says Maudsley, "like my father, who is retired." (It was Maudsley's father who first convinced his filmmaker son this stuff could be a TV series.) "But the material has appeal much more widely. It has elements of *CSI* — the search, the method of step one, step two, step three, as you attack a mystery. And it does have emotional impact, for women and for young viewers as much as anyone. The stories it tells are about family and real lives."

Genealogy's rise to fashion involves more than just a couple of television programs. Paul McGrath — who has become at least a minor celebrity as one of *Ancestors*' on-camera panelists — runs a genealogical consulting company in Toronto, and he has seen tremendous growth in public interest in genealogy. One cause: technology. "I started doing genealogy at fourteen," he told me, "making trips to dark reading rooms in archives. Now you can do it at home. You sit at your computer. You find sources, you find bits of information, you get hooked, and away you go."

Digitization has also produced a great explosion of information providers, from local libraries and the Canadian Genea-

logical Centre of Library and Archives Canada in Ottawa to commercial providers who assemble public records online and add value in convenient search tools, data management programs, and even publishing arms that will print and bind your family history.

Now genetic science is adding "deep ancestry" to genealogy. Forget about the birth date of your grandmother's maiden aunt; have you got your mitochondrial haplogroup assignment yet? Provide a saliva sample, and your line can be traced back 50,000 years to the Rift Valley of Africa. Already the basics cost as little as $100 from local stores or online providers.

McGrath, the professional genealogist, is not entirely sold. "I did mine, and it told me that both my mother's family and my father's family came from the British Isles. Well, duh." Still, he foresees rapid progress as data registries link participants to others with matching DNA profiles. The only link McGrath has received so far was so distant as to be genealogically invisible, but the level of detail should constantly improve as more people join these new networks of data.

In all its manifestations, from gene tracing, to web-based research, to stories that tug the heartstrings, genealogy offers our moving, mingling, disassociating, recombining society at least hints and glimpses of who we are through the search for where we came from.

And the market is vast. A study commissioned by one of the commercial genealogy services claims a quarter of Canadians do not know their grandmothers' maiden names, while forty percent do not know when their family came to Canada.

Genealogical stories may even be helping change how television does history. When I profiled History Television on its launch ten years ago, executives there told me History Television "would never have a studio program." One result: way too much Second World War stock footage. A panel of genealogists would not have had a chance.

Today *Ancestors in the Attic*, a studio program, is a hit for the network. Genealogical stories, says Dugald Maudsley, are "a vehicle for talking about history — but in a contemporary way." The genealogy programs are demonstrating that, skillfully done, talk about history can be dramatic and engrossing television.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *The Beaver*.

Correction: *In my column of October/November 2007, I wrote that Toronto's official heritage agency became inactive after Toronto's merger with neighbouring cities in 1997. Heritage Toronto informs me that since 2004 it has been back in operation and installing new plaques to commemorate Toronto heritage. Good!*

The Beaver
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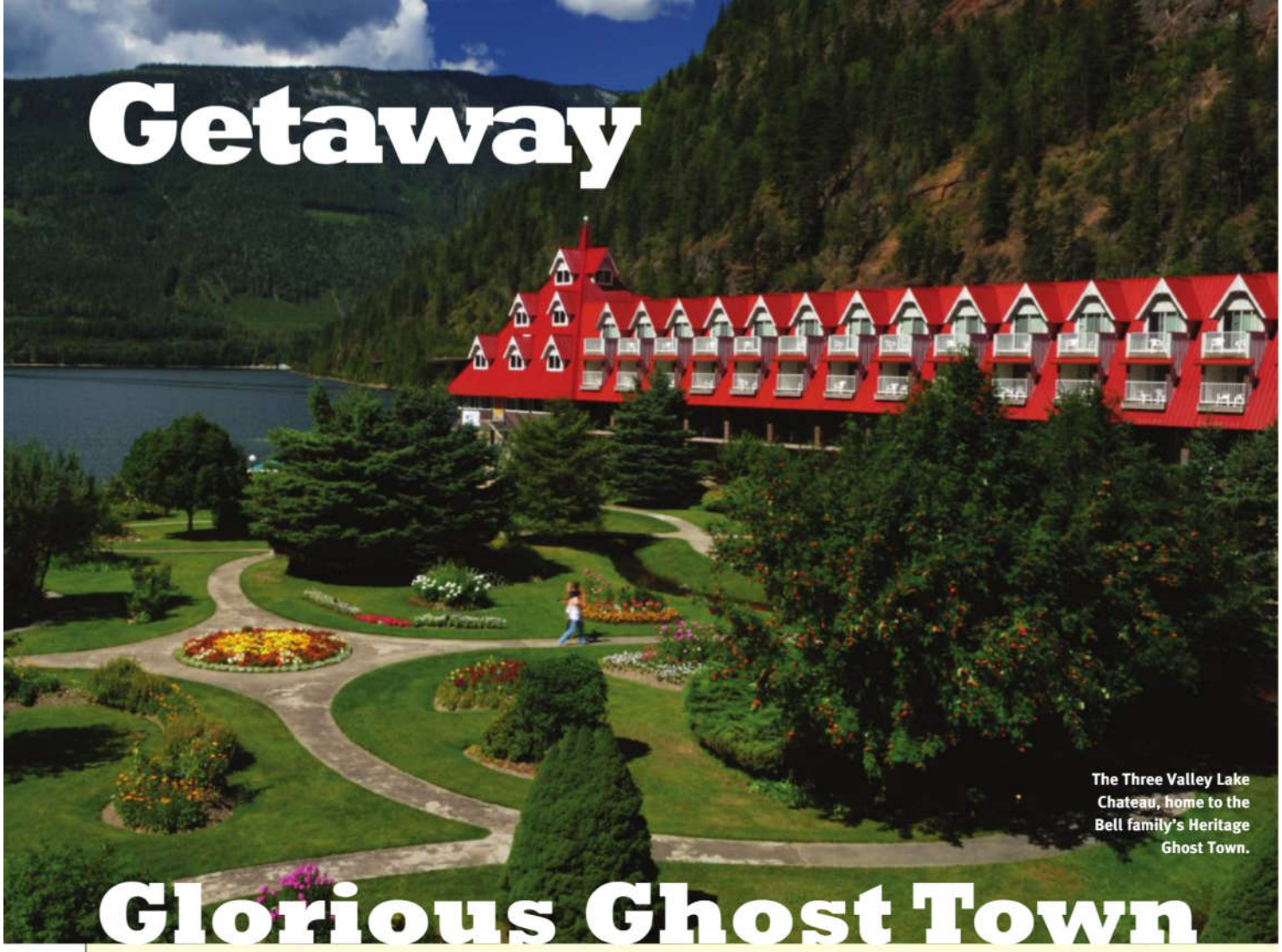


The Three Valley Lake Chateau, home to the Bell family's Heritage Ghost Town.

Glorious Ghost Town

JoAnn Roe tours Heritage Ghost Town, near Revelstoke, British Columbia, where the spirit of the frontier lives on.

Travellers along the Trans-Canada Highway west of Revelstoke, B.C., are often astonished to see a complex of red-roofed buildings appear like a scene from the Mediterranean.

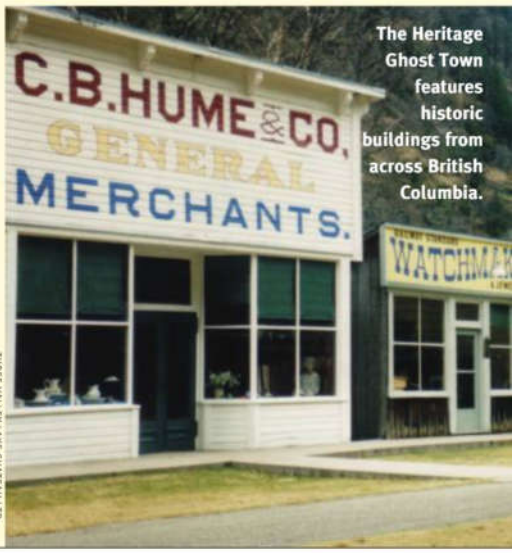
The buildings are part of the Three Valley Lake Chateau, built by Gordon and Ethel Bell and still operated by the Bell family. With the highway on one side and the Canadian Pacific Railway on the other, the château neatly fills the narrow passage through the Monashee Mountains known as Eagle Pass.

The château is inviting enough for travellers. However, Three Valley Lake also holds a gem for history tourists — a genuine frontier village plucked right out of the nineteenth century and lovingly restored and preserved by the Bell family.

On a recent visit, we stopped to admire a newly wedded couple emerging from the weather-beaten St. Stephen's Church, built in 1886, as a horse and buggy awaited their departure. The recessional boomed from a pump organ of 1800s vintage.

The church, along with several log buildings, a clapboard hotel, several steam trains, boardwalks, and even a magnificent roundhouse with white pillars, is part of the Bell family's Heritage Ghost Town.

Heritage Ghost Town was born of necessity, Ethel Bell says. The couple married in 1953, and Ethel quickly tired of sharing a home with Gordon's overwhelming collection of antiques. She says with a laugh that she issued dire threats to Gordon if he didn't find a place to store his collection. In 1961, Gordon came up with the answer — create an antique town to host his antiques. Soon, he was scouring British Columbia for potential acquisitions.



The Heritage Ghost Town features historic buildings from across British Columbia.

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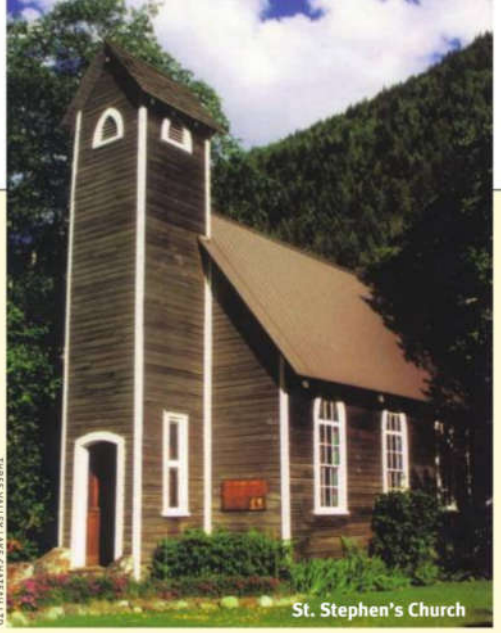

St. Stephen's Church

THREE VALLEY LAKE CHATEAU LTD.

To date, the Bells have rescued twenty-six historic buildings from potential oblivion. The preservation of B.C.'s history is part of their ongoing legacy. As Gordon once proudly declared, "We did this without asking for a single grant or dollar of public funds." Today, a modest admission fee aids recovery of costs.

Visitors to the ghost town are amazed at the diversity of the Bells' collection. A trapper's cabin, scarcely a metre-and-a-half-high, sets the stage. Fur trappers in the 1800s would construct these squat structures roughly every eight kilometres along traplines. Built half underground, the cabins provided welcome shelter from the elements.

Elsewhere in Heritage Ghost Town, the Bells have restored several old-fashioned commercial buildings, including C.B. Hume's dry goods store, built in Revelstoke in 1892, and Emile Colarch's 1902 tobacco shop, which contains original fixtures donated by the family.

The town features a historic 1890s RCMP office retrieved from Vernon, B.C., as well as a sheriff's office and a jail built by Finnish craftsmen at Cambie, B.C., forty kilometres west of Revelstoke. A recent acquisition is the Craigellachie School, built in 1902 — the only remaining building from the site of the famous "Last Spike."

Walking into the Golden Wheel Saloon one late afternoon, we found Sky Floyd Drew, a country musician, practising his numbers on guitar for an evening performance.

The Bells transported the 1865 saloon from French Creek, a Columbia River mining community that sported burlesque groups and a huge golden gambling wheel made — of all things — from an 1898 Revelstoke street sweeper.

Nearby sits the still-splendid Bellevue Hotel, built in 1898, which once graced the Narrows between Shuswap and Mara Lakes, in Sicamous, B.C.

The glorious hotel still evokes the ghosts of magnates making big deals, pioneer families enjoying gracious living for a rare weekend away from the wilderness, and miners cleaned up for a night of bellying up to the handsome bar. You can almost hear the sound of the dinner gong as you walk through the elegant dining room, where the tables are laden with silver and dishes from the original hotel.

Transporting the hotel to the ghost town was a Herculean feat; the three-story building was dismantled, numbered board by board, transported more than seventy kilometres to Revelstoke, and reconstructed at Three Valley Gap over a ten-year period.

The creation of Three Valley Lake Chateau and Heritage Ghost Town was a labour of love for the Bells. It began in 1956, when the couple purchased the land here. By 1960, the Bells had built a seven-seat coffee shop, seven-room motel, and museum. Today, the château boasts 200 rooms, a swimming pool and a theatre. It also offers boating and fishing opportunities for guests.

In 2007, Gordon Bell was working on the final touches of a railroad roundhouse and museum when he passed away. However, his love of antiques lives on through his wife and children, who continue to manage Three Valley Lake Chateau.

JoAnn Roe has written hundreds of articles for Canadian and American magazines and is the author of 15 books. She is a member of the Society of American Travel Writers.

istock

If you go...

Travel to Calgary and head west on the Trans-Canada Highway 1, travelling approximately 290 kilometres to Revelstoke, B.C. The Three Valley Lake Chateau complex is located about nineteen kilometres west of Revelstoke on Highway 1.

Three Valley Lake Chateau Ltd.
Room rates differ in five specific seasons. Most range from $115 to $145. An unusual cave room is set up for honeymooners.
Helicopter rides: $45 for five minutes.
Entry fee to Heritage Ghost Town: Adults, $10. Seniors & students, $8.
T: (888) 667-2109.
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MICHEL GROLEAU

For other information on the history and heritage of the region, contact:

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Your Story

Flying high with Morrisseau

Pilot Robert Lavack fondly recalls his flying adventures with the Ojibwa artist in Ontario's north.

I first met Norval Morrisseau in the early 1960s after starting a new career with the Ontario Department of Education. My job was to provide educational support to remote communities, and my allocated territory encompassed a large part of Northwestern Ontario. I was likely selected to serve this sparsely populated area because I was both a teacher and a qualified pilot, enabling me to fly in to communities that had no road access.

My first encounter with Norval took place at the Quetico Conference and Training Centre near Atikokan, where he was attending a government-sponsored training course. Norval was hard to miss, because he was busily charming all those around him, especially the Toronto painter, dealer, and art critic Jack Pollock, who was in town to teach an art course at the centre.

At the time, Norval and his wife, Harriet Kakegamic, were living in her remote Cree community of Sandy Lake, located about 240 kilometres north of Red Lake, Ontario. It was there that Norval the artist found new insights and inspiration in the legends he heard from his shaman grandfather.

***Storyteller of the Ages 1970*, by Norval Morrisseau.**

BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY/COPYRIGHT NORVAL MORRISSEAU/GABE VADAS. COURTESY OF KINSMAN ROBINSON GALLERIES, TORONTO

Since the province was responsible for secondary schools and adult education at Sandy Lake, I was destined to see a lot of Norval. Yet, even as I fuelled his obsessive urge to paint with flown-in deliveries of brown Kraft paper and art supplies, I could see that he was stifled by the isolation of Sandy Lake. He felt restricted there, especially during the long winter months when few strangers visited the community.

To solve his dilemma, I helped create a new program of cross-cultural educational exchange, in which I would fly Norval and his artist friend Carl Ray out of Sandy Lake to tour schools and give community art workshops in Northwestern Ontario. The time was politically ripe for funding for the art-circuit idea. Despite the mischief and mayhem the high-spirited Norval and Carl caused during these tours, the workshops were a tremendous success.

The two aboriginal artists had a very positive impact on students as they explained their cultural roots through their paintings. They sowed the seeds of appreciation for native art and created a nucleus of Morrisseau and Ray collectors. Ray was an outstanding artist and brilliant individual who would have gone far had he not died young. His death affected Norval deeply.

The friendship between Norval and myself grew as our paths continued to cross for more than a decade. Then, in the 1970s, I left Canada to pursue a career overseas. From abroad I heard snippets of news as Norval's fame grew.

Although I kept track of Norval during my wanderings overseas, it was not until October 2004 that fate provided the opportunity to renew our friendship. I flew to Toronto, where I knew Norval had an exhibition, and showed up for the opening. As soon as I entered Norval's line of sight, I could tell by his look of surprise that he had penetrated the disguise that age had wrought.

It was good to see Norval after such a long interval — thirty-two years, give or

take a few months. I saw that Parkinson's disease had trapped my friend's spirit within a nearly frozen body. Yet, when I looked into his eyes, shining out was the high-spirited young man who would have cut off both his ears in pursuit of his art.

Their undimmed twinkle made me recall one particularly wild, yet memorable event in the early 1970s. We were at Red Lake, and I was charged with flying Norval and Carl Ray — who had been imbibing at a local inn — to Big Trout Lake, Ontario, for an art conference.

The flight got off to a rocky start, literally. Shortly after takeoff, the two artists started a mid-air wrestling match, all the while smoking cigarettes next to a jerry can of gasoline!

When I leaned back to separate Norval and Carl, one of them grabbed my arm. This produced a series of terrifying aerobatics. Thankfully, I managed to free myself and returned the aircraft to stable flying — without ever seeing whose hand had nearly plotted our collision course with destiny.

COURTESY OF ROBERT LAVACK

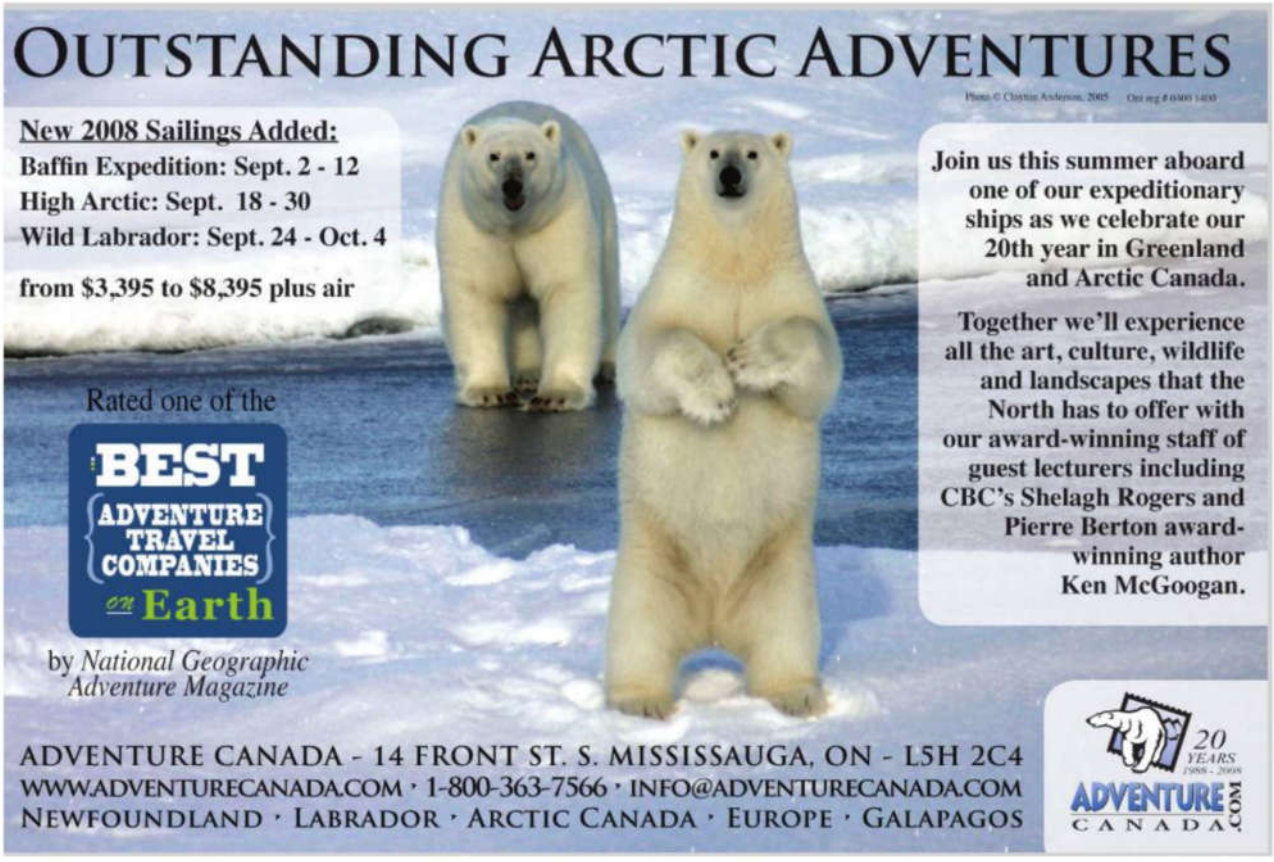
Robert Lavack, left, poses with Norval Morrisseau at his 2004 art exhibition.

As I taxied towards the dock at Big Trout Lake, Carl, Norval, and I could see that the Bishop of Keewatin and other members of his Christian Synod had come to the wharf to welcome the plane. Recognizing that proper decorum was in order, Norval emerged first from the plane, with great dignity.

Once on the pontoon he fluffed himself up and, with a graceful gait, walked a straight line — right into the lake! I fished the spluttering Norval out of the water as the Holies watched in amazement. Carl managed a less graceful, but much more effective transition to the wharf.

Norval's death last December came as a shock. The world has lost a great painter, and I have lost a great friend. And while his passing brings with it sadness, I still fondly recall that look in Norval's eyes during that meeting in 2004. In them, I saw the days when his spirit burned to realize artistic ideas animated by the irrepressible passions of youth. There are few of us left who saw his power during those times.

Robert Lavack developed a friendship with Norval Morrisseau during the 1960s and early 1970s. He plans to write a book about the painter, telling the story of a passionate, spiritual, and fun-loving artist unbowed by the constraints of age and Parkinson's disease. He thanks Angie Littlefield for her editing assistance with this article.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The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the *Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation*.

Q & A with 2007 Pierre Berton Award winner Brian McKenna

Brian McKenna has gained an international reputation for documenting Canadian history on film and television and in print. Best known for his provocative films and television documentaries such as *The Valour and the Horror*, *The Killing Ground*, and *The Great War*, McKenna was in 2007 presented with the Pierre Berton Award.

COURTESY OF BRIAN MCKENNA

Brian McKenna directs Justin Trudeau on the set of *The Great War*.

Q: Throughout your career, many of your productions have focused on Canada's wartime experiences. Why is this a point of interest for you?

A: The story of war is so tied to the story of the country that you can't leave it alone. It's searing. War is central to who we are. I was drawn very early in my film career to the story of the Great War because my grandfather's two brothers had both gone. I was drawn to their stories … and digging into them, I once again saw a parallel to the story of the country being born.

Q: Your most recent television series, *The Great War*, included the participation of 150 direct descendants of Canadians who fought in the First World War. How did this affect the story you were hoping to tell?

A: I thought if we brought these young descendants — great-grandchildren, really, some in their late teens or early twenties — we would get something really special. They forged together like young soldiers. They're lifelong friends now. It was really something.

Q: Many readers will remember the controversy over *The Valour and the Horror* series in 1992. The Canadian War Museum faced a similar challenge recently over its Bomber Command interpretation panels. Have your own views on the subject changed with time?

A: I think those films stand up exceedingly well. It was a ferocious battle for history. One of the things we were accused of at the time with *The Valour* was the crime of presentism: that we were judging the events of the 1940s by the standards of the 1980s. I think we rebutted that, showing very clearly that the bombing campaign against German civilians was opposed even at the time.

Q: You've been telling Canada's stories for over thirty-seven years. What is the key to captivating an audience, particularly with history stories?

A: I think the secret is telling stories that move people to tears, that make them laugh, that make them cry, that make them mourn, that make them think — and we have those stories in spades, from every battle we've fought, from everything we've endured as a country together. Those stories are there, waiting to be told.

Go behind the story with The Beaver's podcast interview with Brian McKenna, at: thebeaver.ca

Witness to History: The Beaver CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE photo contest

Were you there, camera at the ready, during a key moment from Canada's past? Were you a personal Witness to History? If so, dust off your photo album, and send *The Beaver* your best historical snapshots of major events in Canadian history.

The contest closes on June 1st, 2008, and winning entries will be published in *The Beaver*, as part of a special feature package on The Photos that Changed Canada — ten photos that influenced the future of our nation. Entries can be submitted online to contest@thebeaver.ca or by regular post, at The Beaver Photo Contest 478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Full contest details are available online at thebeaver.ca. *The Beaver* cannot guarantee that submissions will be returned, so please only mail duplicate copies of your photograph(s).

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Special interest tourism is one of the most rapidly growing segments of the travel industry. In a time when the world is getting ever smaller and the possibilities for travel more diverse, discerning travellers are seeking unique experiences. No one knows this better than the average *Beaver* reader who, according to recent subscriber studies, takes three trips per year, mostly in Canada, and plans the trip with a history- or culture-related activity in mind eighty percent of the time.

The History Society has been sharing travel tips with readers through our Getaway column, as well as our growing network of regular travel tourism advertisers. The time seemed right to explore opportunities to work with our travel network to develop enriched travel experiences tailored to the passions and interests of our membership.

The Society is pleased to partner with two well-respected Winnipeg-based travel operators — Heartland Travel International and Rail Travel Tours — for this inaugural year of the travel program.

Members will be able to choose from three exclusive trips offered this August 2008 to destinations in Northern Ontario and Manitoba. The small size of the tour groups will give members more personalized service and greater flexibility to explore places typically closed to general tourism. Indeed, many of the destinations are not even accessible by regular air or road travel.

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You'll find advertisements for these inaugural trips inside this issue. We welcome any feedback from readers who choose to experience these tours, or have suggestions for future Travel Tours. Bon voyage!

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Album

Amateur historian Paul Langan of Hespeler, Ontario, has published four booklets on the town, including *The Coombe — Hespeler's Hidden Secret*.

A Successful Snake Hunt

In the early 1900s, groups of young Irish children began arriving in Hespeler, Ontario, which is now part of the city of Cambridge. The children were orphans, destined to take up residence at "the Coombe Home," a new facility intended to be the Ontario distributing centre for needy young Irish, known collectively as "home children." Jacob Hespeler, the town's namesake, originally built the house in 1858. In 1905 it was purchased by Ellen Smyly of Ireland, whose family ran Smyly Orphan Homes of Dublin, in addition to several other homes and charitable institutions. The Coombe Home was to serve as a residence for Irish orphans who were to be educated in Canadian culture before being shipped out to Canadian families to work on farms. The experiences of the home children in Canada were sometimes positive, but many were also overworked. During this time, Smyly Homes sent a photographer to Canada to take pictures of the home children in Hespeler. This photo shows several happy Irish boys after their return from a successful snake hunt. The photo was taken sometime between 1905 and 1908. Irish orphans continued coming to Hespeler until the beginning of the First World War. In 1917 the Coombe Home was transferred to the Children's Aid Society and officially stopped receiving Irish orphans.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Or email your submission to album@thebeaver.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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